Comics Underground Japan

"The Japanese invented the comic strip and are still at it. I've always dug and been influenced by the graphic wizardry of manga. This new anthology is a BLAST, the more disturbing, the better. I especially like Yaeuji Tanihin (Gary Panter, eat your heart out!)."
—S. CLAY WILSON

"Japanese comics are so refreshing; like dripping flowers in the rain they show many faces; they don't all try to be roses. There are some happy, hanhby, leafy, pungent blooms in the Japanese woodland. Lucky for us."
—GARY PANTER

"Blast Books once again provides a glorious selection of Japan's underground masters. My personal favorite is Kazuishi Nnanwa's rich historical grotesque 'Mercy Flesh.'"
—JOE COLEMAN

COMICS UNDERGROUND JAPAN presents the wild, subversive world of Japan's most accomplished underground comics artists. Some of the dozen artists included in this anthology will be familiar to followers of manga; others make their American debut in these pages. The richly imaginative stories in this volume show a great range of graphic style, from painstakingly detailed draftsmanship to exuberant, maniacal renderings. At the heart of each work in this anthology is a unique personal vision and a fierce artistic compulsion—these manga artists are the misfits of the art form, and they are its visionaries.

YOSHIKAZU EBISU
KAZUICHI NAKAWA
HIDESHI HINO
SUEHIRO MARUO
PAN HICHIWA
NEKOJIRU & NAJIME YAMANO
TAKASHI HEMOTO
CAROL SHIMODA
YASUJI TANIOKA
MASAKAZU TOMA
MUDDY WEHARA
HANAKO YAMADA

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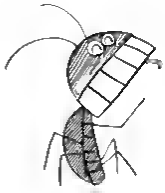
Comics Underground Japan

Comics Underground JAPAN

EDITED BY KEVIN QUIGLEY

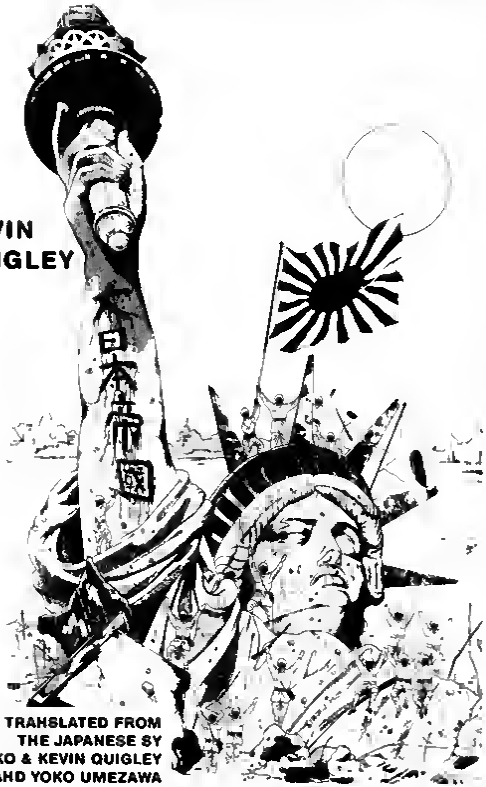
BLAST BOOKS

Comics Underground Japan



Comics Underground

EDITED BY KEVIN QUIGLEY



TRANSLATED FROM THE JAPANESE BY HIROKO & KEVIN QUIGLEY AND YOKO UMEZAWA

JAPAN

BLAST BOOKS
New York

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"Jiniku" *Garo* Aug. 1986 Seirindo © Kazuichi Hanawa

"Waraikorogashi" *Circus Kitan* 1991 Shueisha © Hideshi Hino

"Nihonjin no Wakusei" *Ginsei Club* 1985 Peyotoru Kobo © Suehiro Maruo

"Volvox" *Garo* Feb.–Mar. 1993 Seirindo © Pan Migiwa

"Nekojiruudon Tamashii no maki" *Garo* Dec. 1991 Seirindo © Nekojiru

"Mirai Seishi Brazil" *Garo* issued in June, July, and Aug. 1991 Seirindo © Takashi Nemoto

"Lemon no Koi", "Carol no Natsuyasumi" *Ultra Minor* Apr. 1985 JICC Corporation © Carol Shimoda

"Yasuji no Don Quixote" *Shide-yo-desukoto* Sep. 1983 Seirindo © Yasuji Tanioka

"Tekkan mae no Yuutsu" *Garo* Oct. 1992 Seirindo © Masakazu Toma

"Chou Oogata Yonkoma Manga Sonoichi" *Garo* Aug. 1986 Seirindo, "Chou Oogata Yonkoma Manga Sononi", "Banana" *Quettaybang* Apr. 1987 Seirindo both © Muddy Wehera

"Maria no Komon" *Lead Comic* May 1990 to Mar. 1991 Lead Shuppan © Hanako Yamada

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Introduction and artists' biographies © 1996 Kevin Quigley

Sound effects translated by Linda Hayashi

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CONTENTS

Acknowledgments ix

Introduction xi

Hell's Angel 1
YOSHIKAZU ESISU

It's All Right If You Don't Understand 8
YOSHIKAZU ESISU

Steel Pipe Melancholia 21
MASAKAZU TOMA

Future Sperm Brazil 37
TAKASHI HEMOTO

A Love Like Lemons 61
CAROL SHIMODA

Selfish Carol's Summer Vacation 68
CAROL SHIMODA

Mercy Flesh Uiniku) 74
KAZUICHI HANAWA

Don Quixote *1 & *2 90
YASUJI TAHIDKA

Planet of the Jap 98
SUEHIRO MARUO

Mary's Asshole 125
HAHAKD YAMADA

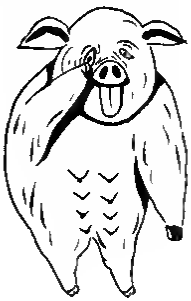
Volvox 143
PAH MIGIWA

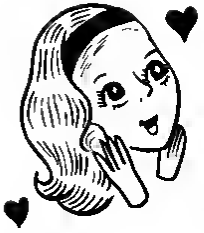
Bigger and Better 148
MUDDY WEHARA

Laughing Ball 167
HIDESHI HIHO

Cat Noodle Soup 186
NEKOJIRU AHD HAJIME YAMAHD

About the Artists 215





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Kevin Quigley

INTRODUCTION

"What a hideous and polluted land I have come to unawares!"
From the Japanese creation myth of Izanagi and Izanami

OUT OF THE GARBAGE CAN

In 1962 Katsuichi Nagai, age forty-one and suffering his third bout with tuberculosis since the war's end, lay in a Tokyo hospital bed and bargained with fate. If he could get out of this alive, he would return, he vowed, to the real work—publishing manga (he had abandoned it a few years earlier to open a bar)—and would produce a magazine unrivaled in its creativity, sincerity, and strangeness.

Nagai had spent the war years serving in Manchuria as a topographer, and upon returning to a devastated homeland in 1946, he naturally drifted into the printing trade. The field, like everything else in war-torn Japan, was wide open. An anything-goes atmosphere prevailed in those early, chaotic days, and in keeping with the times, the contents of Nagai's first magazines were culled from the warehouse garbage cans of other publications. In retrospect this seems an entirely appropriate beginning for the future publisher of what would become the manga world's salon des refusés, *Garo* magazine.

A near-deathbed conversion notwithstanding, *Garo* might never have come into existence were it not for a fortuitous meeting between Nagai and a young *mangaka* (comics artist) whose work the publisher had seen and admired a few years earlier. The artist, Shirato Sampei, was the son of a controversial illustrator known for championing Communist causes. From an early age Sampei was immersed in the ethos of class struggle. As a young artist he drew inspiration from the newly emerging manga genre known as *gekiga* (literally, "drama pictures"). Like Japan's films of the same period, gekiga looked to the European model of neorealism and to American film noir to create an unprecedentedly "adult" style of graphic storytelling. Such formerly taboo subjects as prostitution, the black market, and illegal abortions all became grist for the artist's mill. The genre of gekiga was able to thrive because of the recent flourishing of the rental library system, which was established in conscious opposition to mainstream monthlies. Working specifically for library-intended publications, an artist whose style or outlook might be deemed too dissonant for the average manga reader was given new life. Sampei was just beginning

to put his own gutsy rejuvenating twist on the traditional Samurai genre when he walked one day into Nagai's office. Motivated by the publisher's empathy for his work as well as by his uncustomary willingness to pay for manga pages upon receipt, Sampei tied his fate to Nagai's and goaded him toward the materialization of his dream publication.

Nagai was so impressed by Sampei's work that he named his monthly anthology after a martyred hero in one of the artist's stories, and *Garo* magazine premiered in July 1964. The first issues were almost exclusively a showcase for Shirato Sampei's ongoing Samurai drama, "Kamui." Coinciding with growing social unrest and campus protests in the 1960s (most of which were in opposition to the many treaties Japan was signing with the United States), the "Kamui" series became wildly popular among college students and teenagers. The incorruptible ninja, Kamui, became their lodestar in the war against oppression. On more than a few college campuses Kamui-emblazoned banners were unfurled from the windows of student-seized buildings.

Garo soon branched out to feature the work of other mangaka, including the very best of the original gekiga artists: Yoshihiro Tatsumi—who is credited with coining the term *gekiga*—Shoichi Sakurai, Tadao Tsuge, and, finally, Tsuge's older brother, one of the indisputable giants in the world of comics, Yoshiharu Tsuge. Added to this mix, *Garo* was credited throughout the sixties with discovering and promoting many of the most talented new—and most oddly obsessed—mangaka in the country. It spawned a number of short-lived imitators (the two best, *Com*—started by Osamu Tezuka—and *Comic Baku*, each lasted only a few years but have achieved legendary status among underground manga enthusiasts), and at its peak in 1971, *Garo*'s circulation was over eighty thousand.

With the growing social malaise of the 1970s and early eighties, *Garo*'s popularity, not unlike that of the American undergrounds, declined. By 1984 circulation barely tipped five thousand, and rumors of the magazine's imminent demise were rife. Nevertheless *Garo* continued to introduce many of Japan's most outrageous and darkly visionary new mangaka. Three among the best and most influential of those who premiered in *Garo*'s pages in the early seventies are included in this volume: Kazuichi Hanawa, Yasuji Tanioka, and the mangaka turned TV star, Yoshikazu Ebisu.

FUNKY STUFF

Punk was an international cataclysm. Japanese youth heard the Sex Pistols too, and along with the music and the attitude, a graphic style was born. Terry Johnson, aka Teruhiko Yumura, aka King Terry, was already a designer-illustrator in great demand when in the late seventies he was

lured to *Gero* Terry's enticement was the cover page: it would be his—every month—to do with as he pleased. Along with his American counterpart Gary Panter, and the French artists Bruno Richard and Pascal Doury, Johnson became a superstar of an exuberant new style. In Japan they called it "Heta Uma"—"it's good when it's bad."

Following Johnson's example, a new generation of *Gero* artists began to find their voices. Johnson's 1976 absurdist epic, "Jonetsu no Penguin Gohan" ("Penguin Food Passion"), coauthored with Itoi Shigesato, is described by many of the new breed in terms usually reserved for gospel or the first issue of *Zap*. These mangaka, first published in the 1980s, make up the bulk of *Comics Underground Japan*.

Since the turn of the century, when the country's writers were forging a new literary style based on the recently translated European models of Maupassant, Zola, and Turgenev, the idea of the group—people with a common vision binding together—has been potent in Japanese art circles. And so it was with King Terry. He gathered together these hungry young mangaka—along with many musicians, writers, and painters in the capital city—under the banner of "Tokyo Funky Stuff." They held dadaist parades, gave themselves American names (Suzy Amakane, Carol Shimoda, and Muddy Wahara, for example, whose works appear in this book), and included pictures of each other as well as transcripts of desultory conversations in their individual books. Most significantly they gave *Garo*, as well as the entire Japanese graphics industry, a much-needed shot in the arm. Today their influence can be seen everywhere from soft-drink labels to municipal signs.

SMALL POTATOES

An enormously wide variety of manga is churned out every week in Japan, but no matter how unique it may seem to the foreign reader, the vast majority of what's published is right down the middle of the road. What is it that separates the manga selected for this book from the mainstream, what makes these manga "underground"? It is not their grotesquery or outlandish violence, nor is it their unabashed depictions of sex. All of that is to be found in the most popular boys' weekly anthologies. One difference between works like those included in this book and the majority of most manga that is so widespread even in the United States is that the undergrounds don't become bestsellers. *Gero* may have managed to work its way back up to a respectable monthly circulation of fifteen thousand, and the current market even seems strong enough to support a new competitor, *Comic Cue* (cover of first issue by Terry Johnson), but compared to Japan's most popular manga weekly, *Shonen Jump*, with six million or so readers, we're talking small potatoes.

What distinguishes the underground is a deeply personal vision, often coupled with a delight in subversion. This is manifested in Yoshikazu Ebisu's hapless and perverse salary men, in Takashi Nemoto's monomaniacal soldier, in Hideshi Hino's circus freaks, and Hanako Yamada's savagely misanthropic office girl; even in the incongruously cute cats of Nekojiru, who in her "Story of a Soul" take on the ultimate authority: Death. More often than not, underground mangaka express a Swiftian horror and disgust with the world. Hell is other people—their innards, their jobs, their masks. Pulsing in the veins of even the most lighthearted of these artists is a strong current of cynicism and—that ever-popular word among Japanese youth—nihilism. But as much as they may loath the world, they are equally riveted. The underground mangaka are compelled to take on the most upsetting and dubious aspects of that highly praised construct, Japanese society. The aggression of the Pacific War, for example—a subject most of their countrymen are all too eager to sweep under the rug—is obsessively dwelled on by two of the artists included here. Takashi Nemoto writes from the point of view of those for whom the war never ended, while Suehiro Maruo presents the reverse outcome of history—in "Planet of the Jap" the Japanese have vanquished America—an outrageous proposition on either side of the ocean.

One divergent work among all this gnashing of teeth is Pan Migiwa's "Volvox." A contemplative and lyrical piece, it is not as tortured as the confessions of her fellow mangaka, though no less obsessive.

To make any of these artists out to be mere raving malcontents would be a gross slighting of their enormous abilities. Above all they love the medium of manga, and their first obligation is to succeed within its limits. While virtually the entire mainstream manga world claims as its progenitor Osamu Tezuka (known in the United States as the creator of Astro Boy and Kimba the White Lion), who pioneered just about every manga style and genre (except—significantly—gekiga), the undergrounders have found more potent inspiration in the works of the visionary children's artist Shigeru Sugiura. Born in 1908, eighteen years before Tezuka, Sugiura was initially influenced by American silent comedies and westerns, as well as early newspaper funnies (he particularly revered Otto Soglow's "The Little King"). Of equal influence were ancient Chinese epics read to him when he was a boy. Add to this an offbeat, painterly style of composition (as opposed to Tezuka's more dynamic "cinematic" style), and the result is perhaps the loveliest, most otherwordly comics ever drawn. Never nearly as famous or prolific as Tezuka, Sugiura eventually disappeared from the scene before being resurrected in the 1970s by Terry Johnson and his avant-garde contemporaries. Though his work has since been reprinted and is available in any good bookstore in Japan, Sugiura is still unknown to most manga fans. As if to cement his reputation as the obscure grand-

father of the underground, this towering artist is nowhere to be found in Frederick Schodt's encyclopedic and ground-breaking English-language study of Japanese comics, *Manga Manga*.

Tezuka's detractors dismiss him as the "Japanese Disney," but in so doing they overlook his prescient and spiritual view of the human condition, as well as the beauty and charm of his panels. Contemporary mangaka have largely disregarded these aspects of his art and have instead chosen to concentrate on his more glaring innovations: cinematic "camera" angles, dynamic page layouts, and illusions of speed—hence the similarity of styles and near-pathological addiction to speed lines. Today's manga have long and sometimes complex narratives, and mainstream manga drawing styles seem devised to propel the reader through the story as efficiently as possible. It is left to the ghettoized artists of *Garo*—as well as to a few other adventurers (such as the immensely popular Momoko Sakura)—to forge new paths. One thing is certain: the work of the underground artists is completely their own. The business of mainstream manga publishing is saddled with a Byzantine editorial process of checking, rechecking, and checking again before the artist can even begin drawing. In every office you will find a sea of editors waiting to have their say. The artists featured in *Comics Underground Japan* are, like their American counterparts, incapable of putting up with such meddling. They are the misfits of the art form, and they are its visionaries. Nihilism may be the envelope, but the envelope bulges with some daring spirits fiercely determined to fly.

Sources

INTERVIEWS

Suzy Amakane, September 1992; Yoshikazu Ebisu, September 1992; Takashi Nemoto, September 1992; Emiko Shimoda, December 1992, June 1995; Chikao Shiratori, September 1992, May 1995; Muddy Wahara, September 1992.

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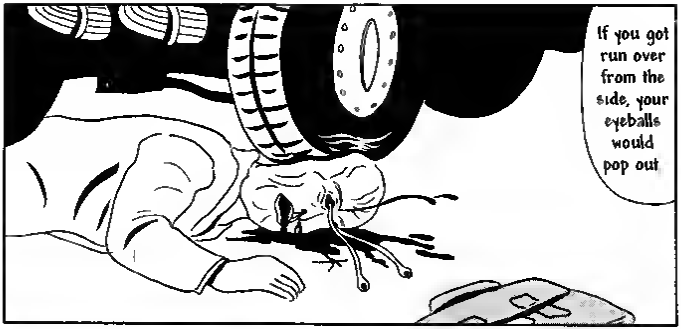
Comics Underground Japan

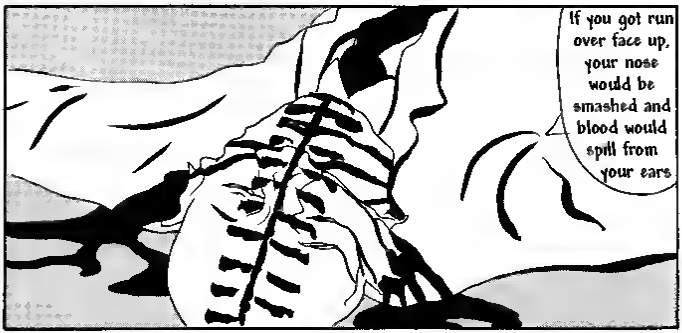
地獄の天使
Hell's Angel
YOSHIKAZU EBISU
* GRAVESTONES

Coming home from work, I was completely exhausted
フラ
wobble wobble
フラ
Uhh, Uhh
中華 ラーメン
RAMEN
FIRE SAFETY EQUIPMENT
Whoops
フラ
wobble wobble
フラ

Sir, are you all right?
ブオー
vroom
You're walking very unsteadily.
You could be hit by a car, and then what would happen?

ブオー
火
中華
ラーメン

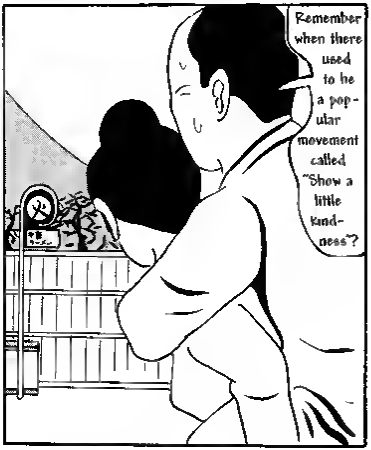

If you got run over from the side, your eyeballs would pop out

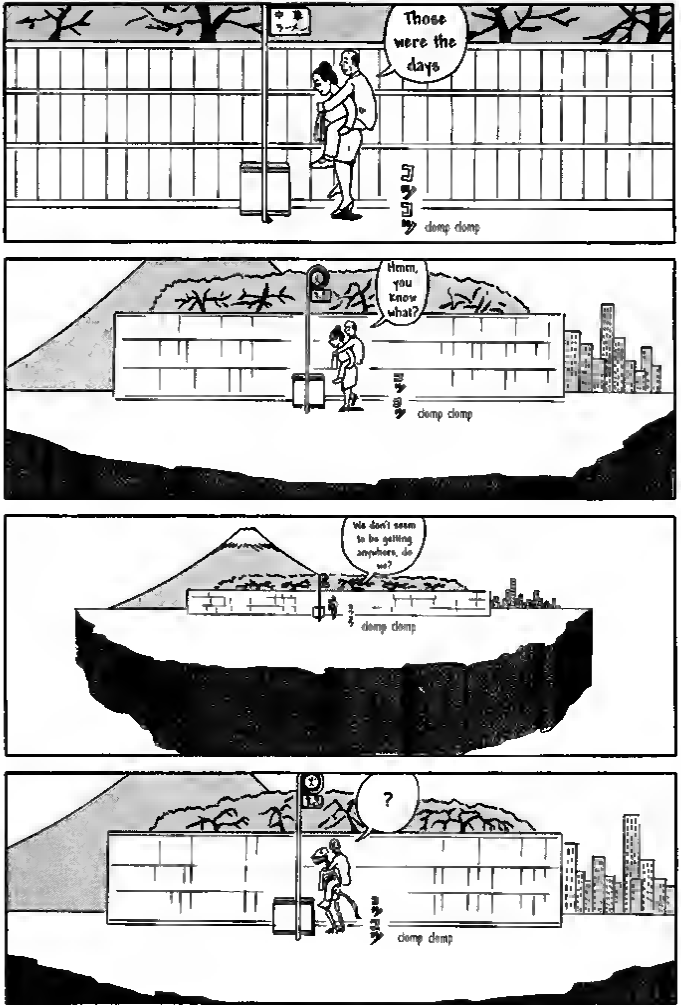

If you got run over face up, your nose would be smashed and blood would spill from your ears

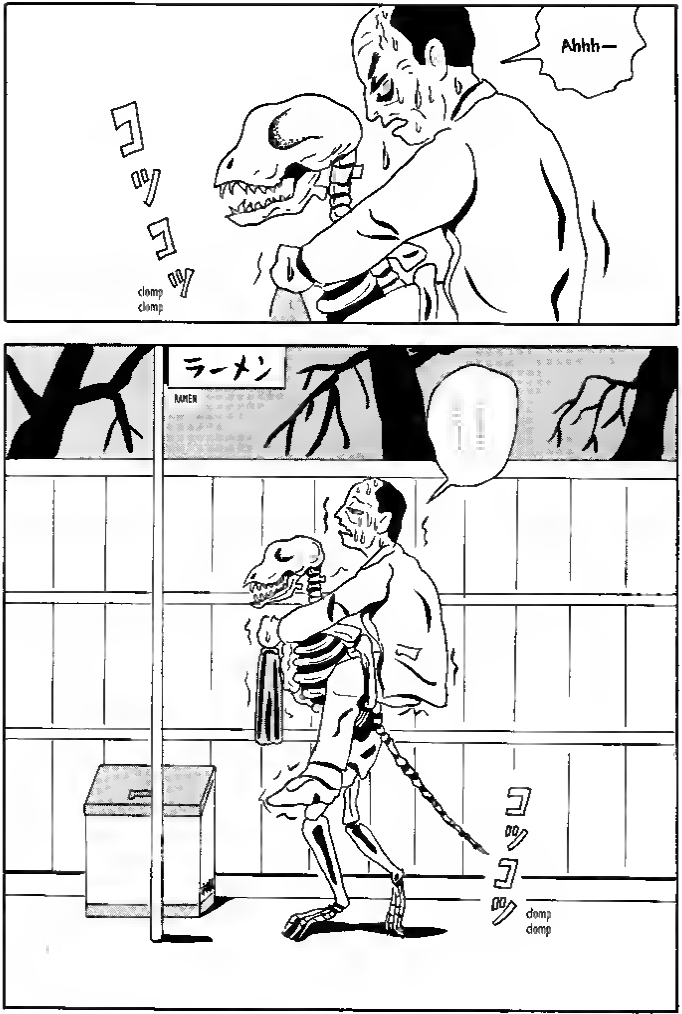
If you got run over face down, your brains would squish out, your teeth would be crushed, and your neck could even be broken

I do appre-ciate this
地獄橋
JIGOKUBASI
HELL BRIDGE

"One act of kindness a day" was their motto, wasn't it.
コツコツ
clomp clomp


Remember when there used to be a popular movement called "Show a little kindness"?


Those were the days
clomp clomp
Hmm, you know what?
clomp clomp
We don't seem to be getting anywhere, do we?
clomp clomp
?
clomp clomp



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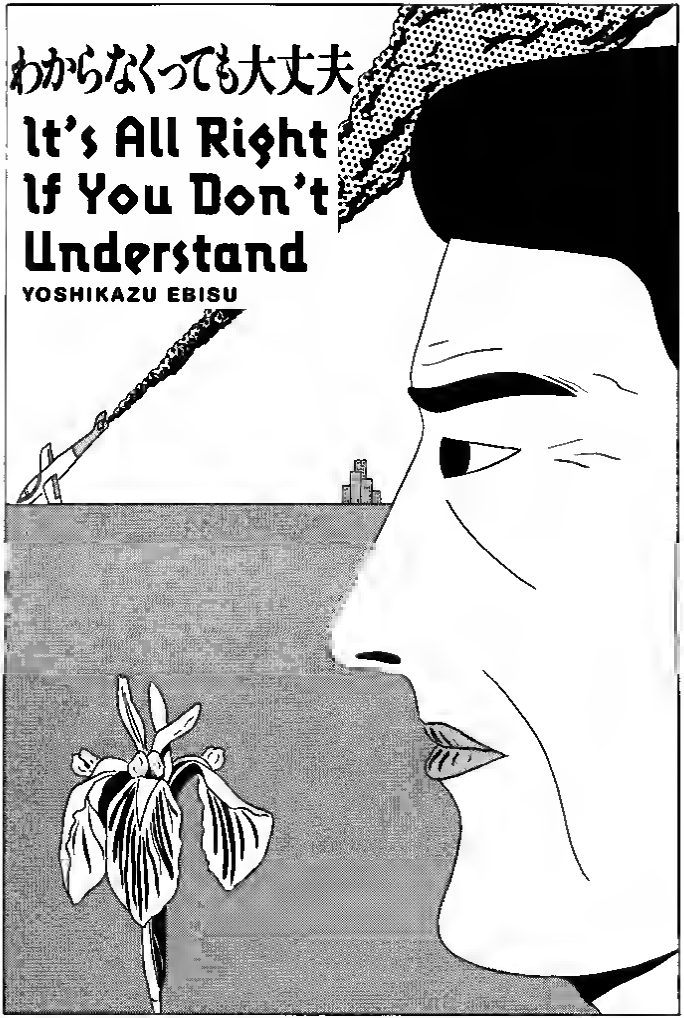
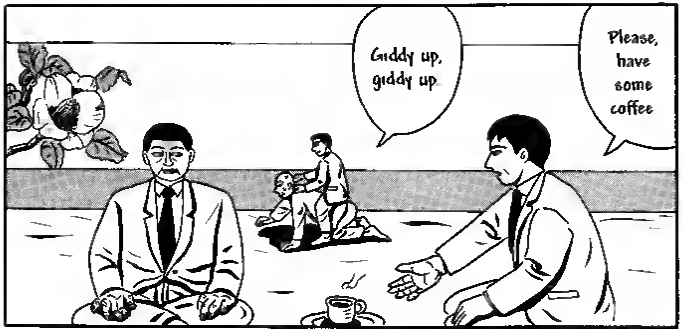
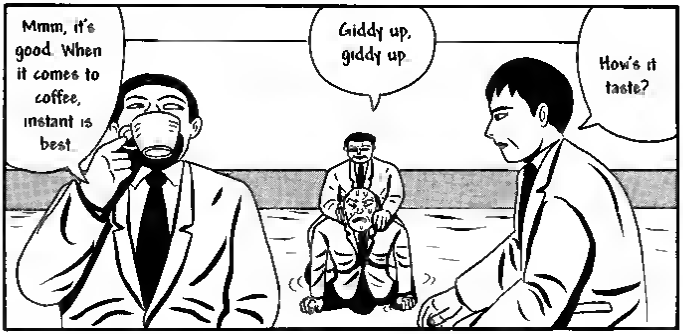
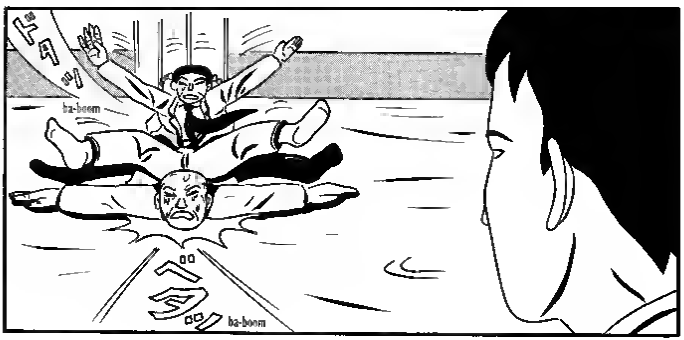

わからなくっても大丈夫
It's All Right
If You Don't
Understand
YOSHIKAZU EBISU


Giddy up, giddy up
Please, have some coffee


Mmm, it's good. When it comes to coffee, instant is best.
Giddy up, giddy up
How's it taste?


ba-boom
ba-boom

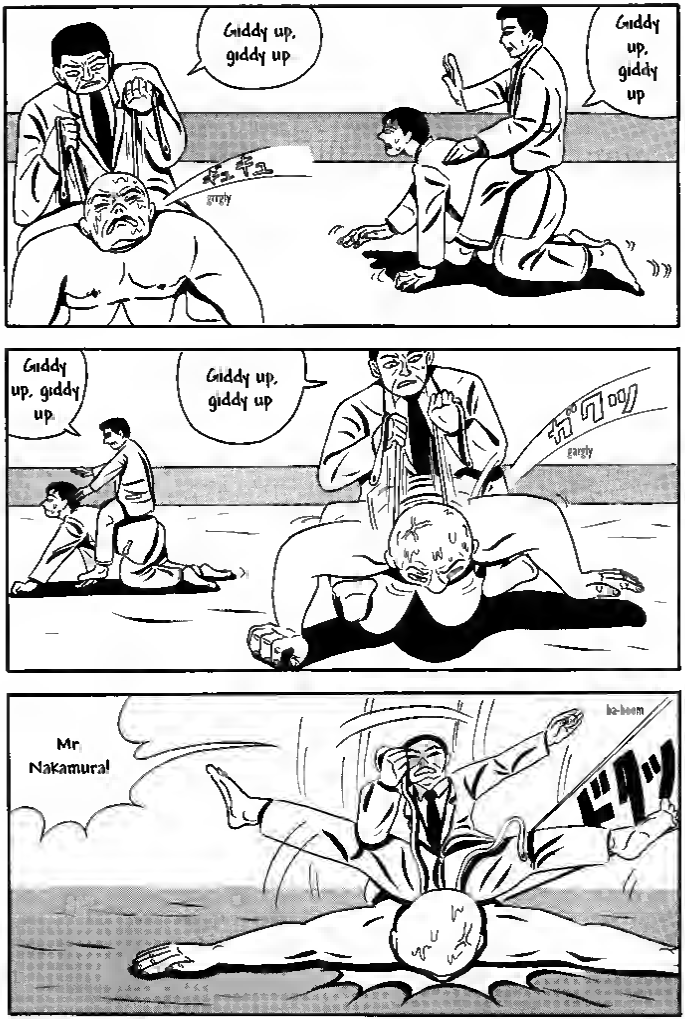
Man, I'm going to smack your ass
ppslap ppslap
Ouch, ouch
Mr. Nakamura!!
Forgive me, sir
pah-slap pah-slap
Giddy up, giddy up
Mr. Nakamura has no guts, so he needs to be toughened up
Now, let's take it from the top
Giddy up, giddy up
That's how it's always been with him, and he never gets promoted
ppslap

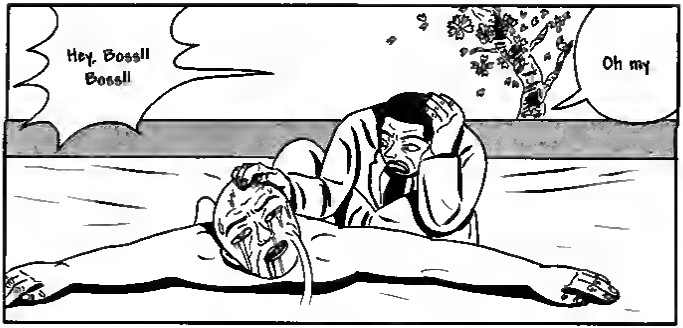
With losers like him, the backbone just turns to mush
ba-boom
What's most important is guts and patience
Yeah

And now for some slaps on your ass.
Ouch, ouch
ka-pinch
Now I'm going to pinch your cheek.
Ouch, ouch.
pa-thwack
Ugh!! Look at this red ass!!
pa-thwack
What a disgusting, lumpy thing

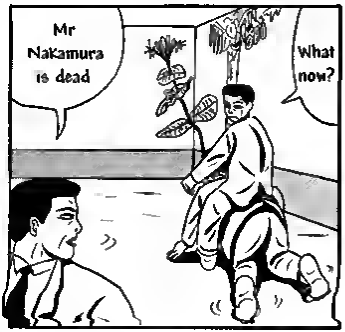
Mmm, instant coffee is great
Mr Director, I can't breathe
Giddy up, giddy up
gasp
Giddy up, giddy up

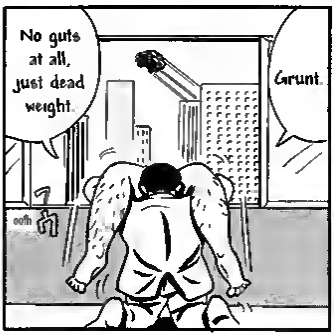
All right
Mr Chief Director, sir—please toughen me up
This is going to be rough—are you man enough?
Make it extremely rough, sir

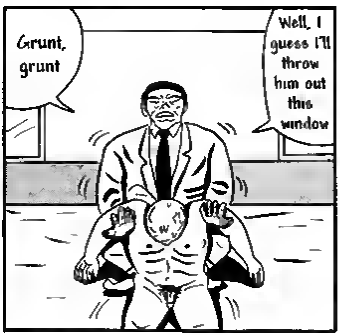

Giddy up, giddy up
gurgly
Giddy up, giddy up
Giddy up, giddy up
Giddy up, giddy up
gargly
Mr Nakamura!
ka-boom

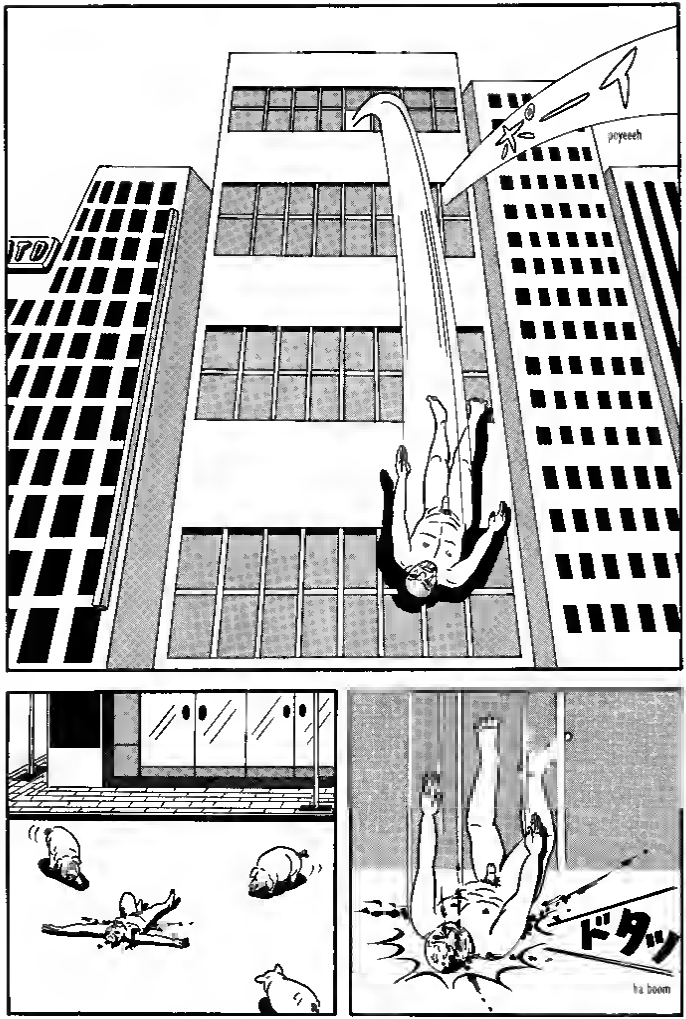

Hey, Boss!!
Boss!!
Oh my

What a useless man


Mr Nakamura is dead
What now?


No guts at all, just dead weight.
Grunt.
ooh


Grunt, grunt
Well, I guess I'll throw him out this window


poyeeeh
ドタッ
ka boom

oink
oink
oink
clomp
clomp
myum
myum
myum
Hey, pigs!!
oink
Hmm

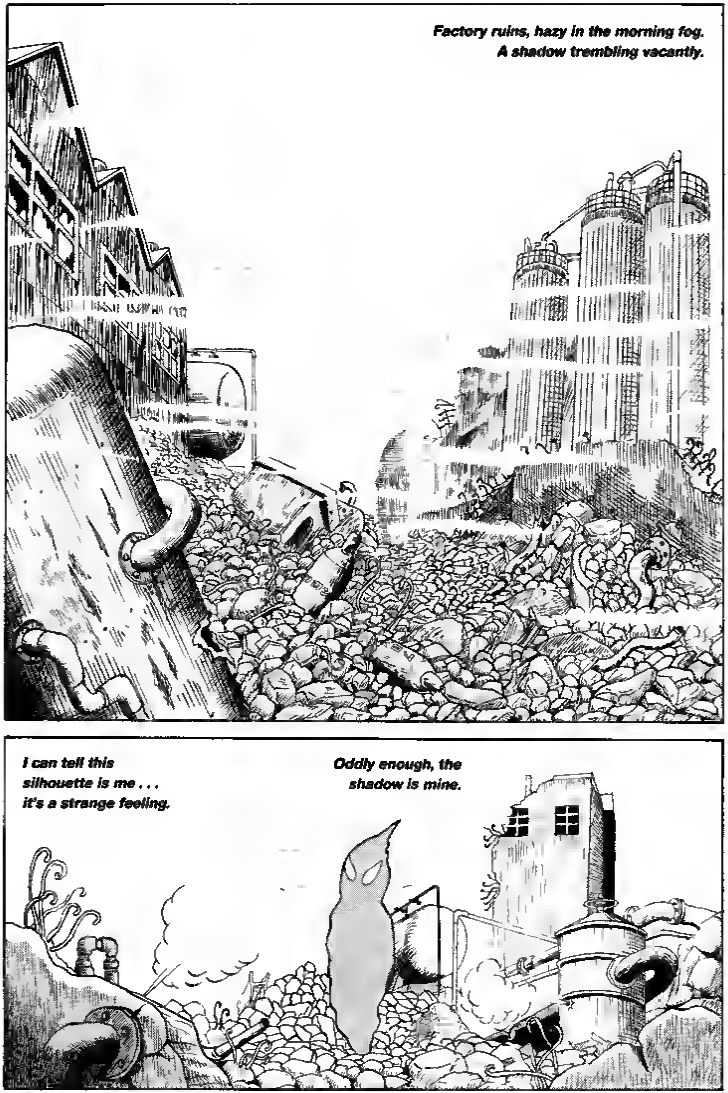
Pigs aren't permitted to eat human flesh—you're all under arrest!!
What are you pigs doing?!!
oink
oink
oink
oink
oink
oink
oink
Freeze, you pigs!
END

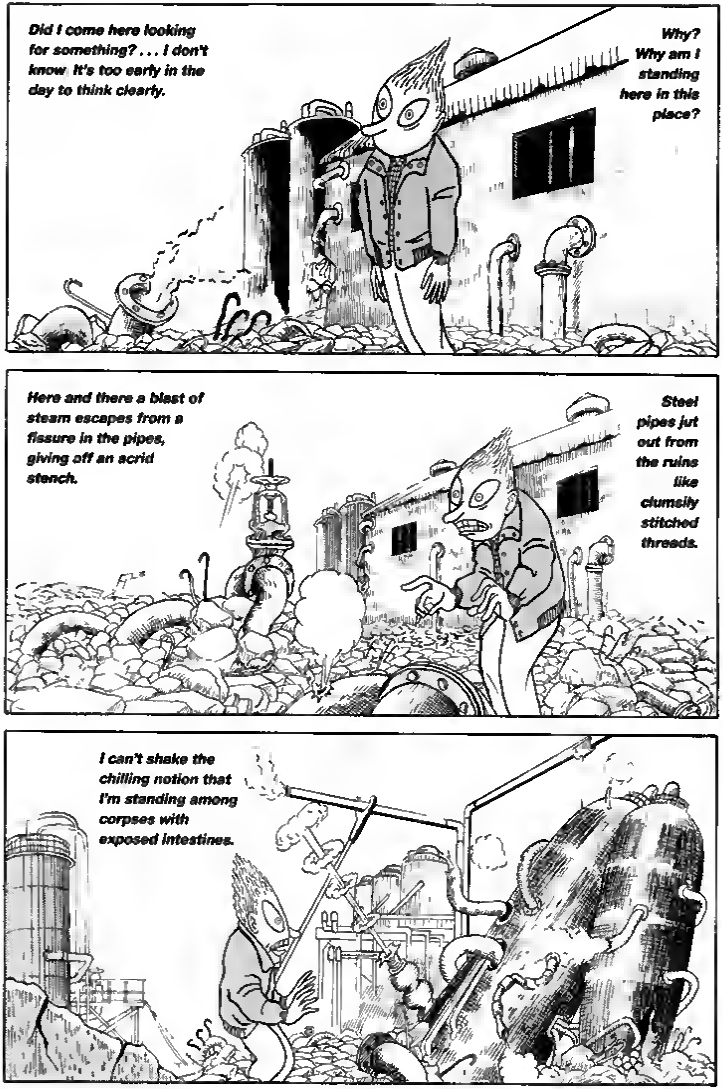
Steel Pipe Melancholia

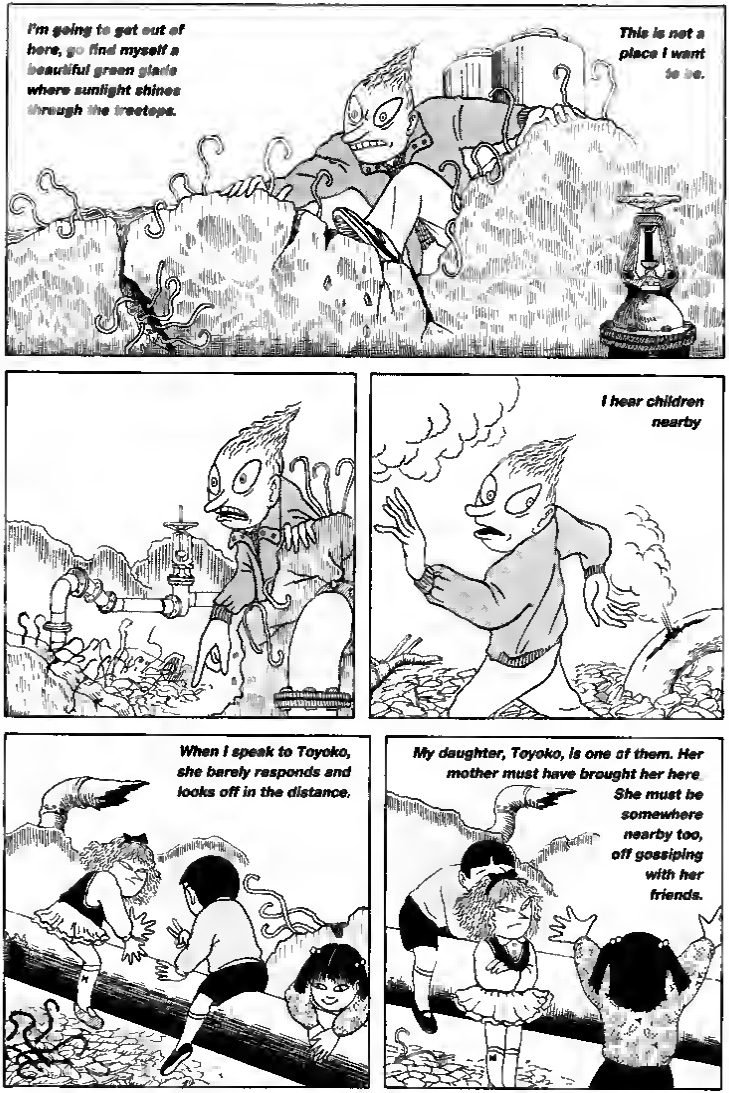
MASAKAZU TOMA

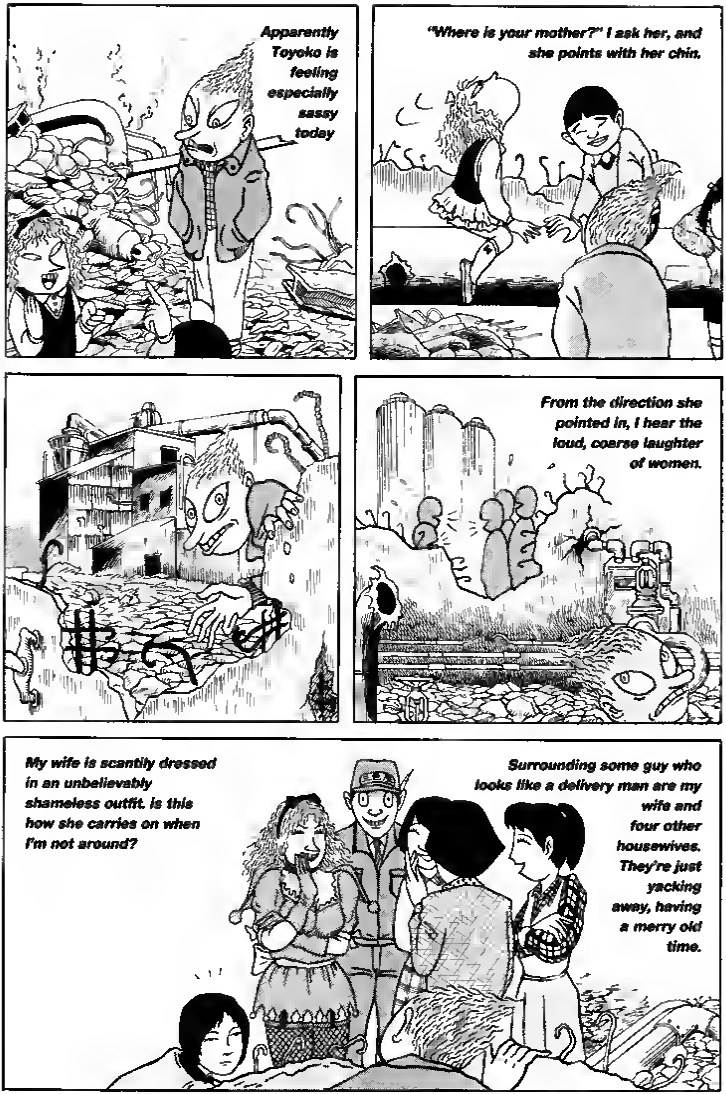
鉄管前の憂鬱

とま雅和


Factory ruins, hazy in the morning fog.
A shadow trembling vacantly.
I can tell this silhouette is me . . . it's a strange feeling.
Oddly enough, the shadow is mine.


Did I come here looking for something? . . . I don't know. It's too early in the day to think clearly.
Why? Why am I standing here in this place?
Here and there a blast of steam escapes from a fissure in the pipes, giving off an acrid stench.
Steel pipes jut out from the ruins like clumsily stitched threads.
I can't shake the chilling notion that I'm standing among corpses with exposed intestines.

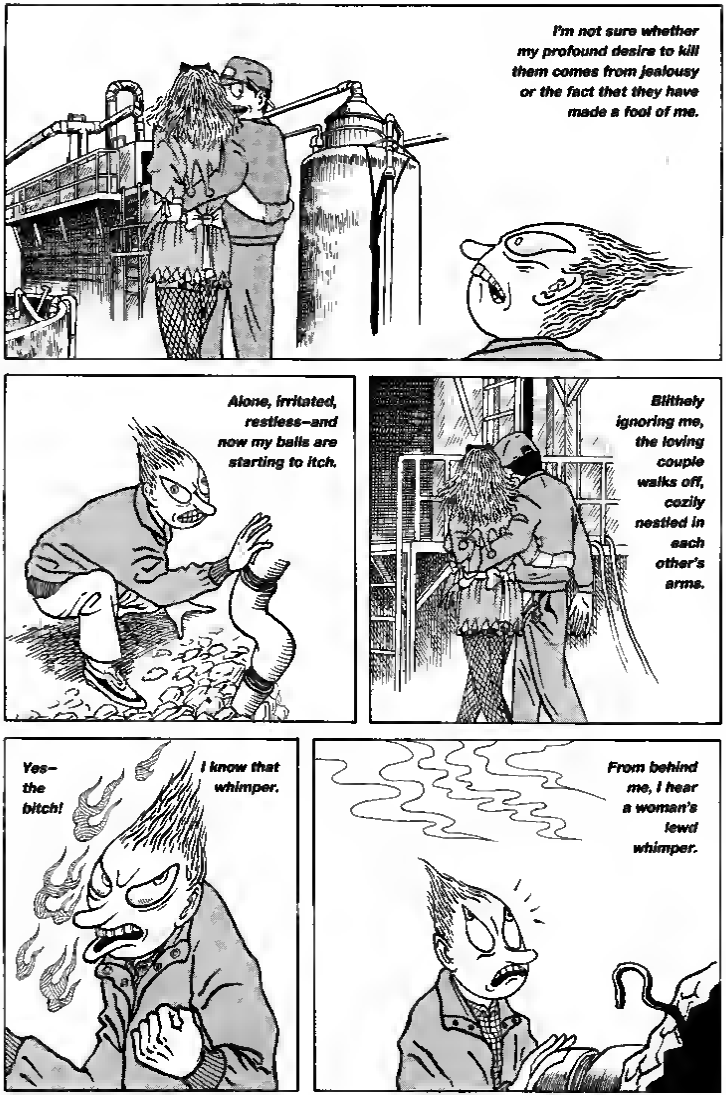

I'm going to get out of here, go find myself a beautiful green glade where sunlight shines through the treetops.
This is not a place I want to be.
I hear children nearby
When I speak to Toyoko, she barely responds and looks off in the distance.
My daughter, Toyoko, is one of them. Her mother must have brought her here. She must be somewhere nearby too, off gossiping with her friends.

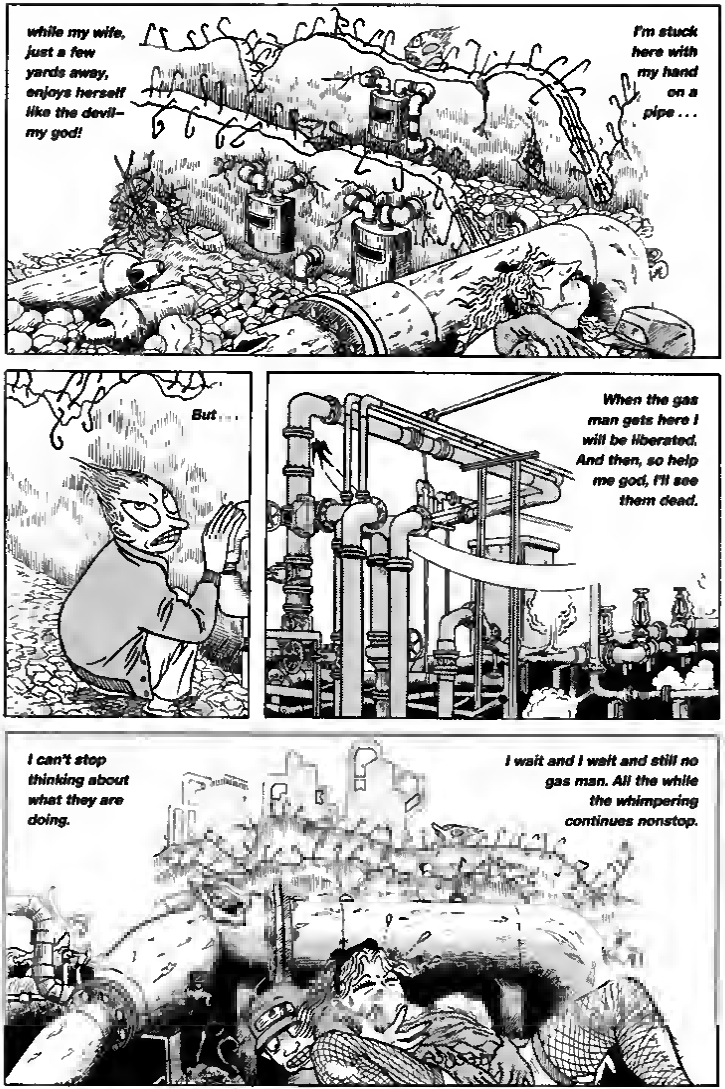

Apparently Toyoko is feeling especially sassy today
"Where is your mother?" I ask her, and she points with her chin.
From the direction she pointed in, I hear the loud, coarse laughter of women.
My wife is scantily dressed in an unbelievably shameless outfit. Is this how she carries on when I'm not around?
Surrounding some guy who looks like a delivery man are my wife and four other housewives. They're just yacking away, having a merry old time.

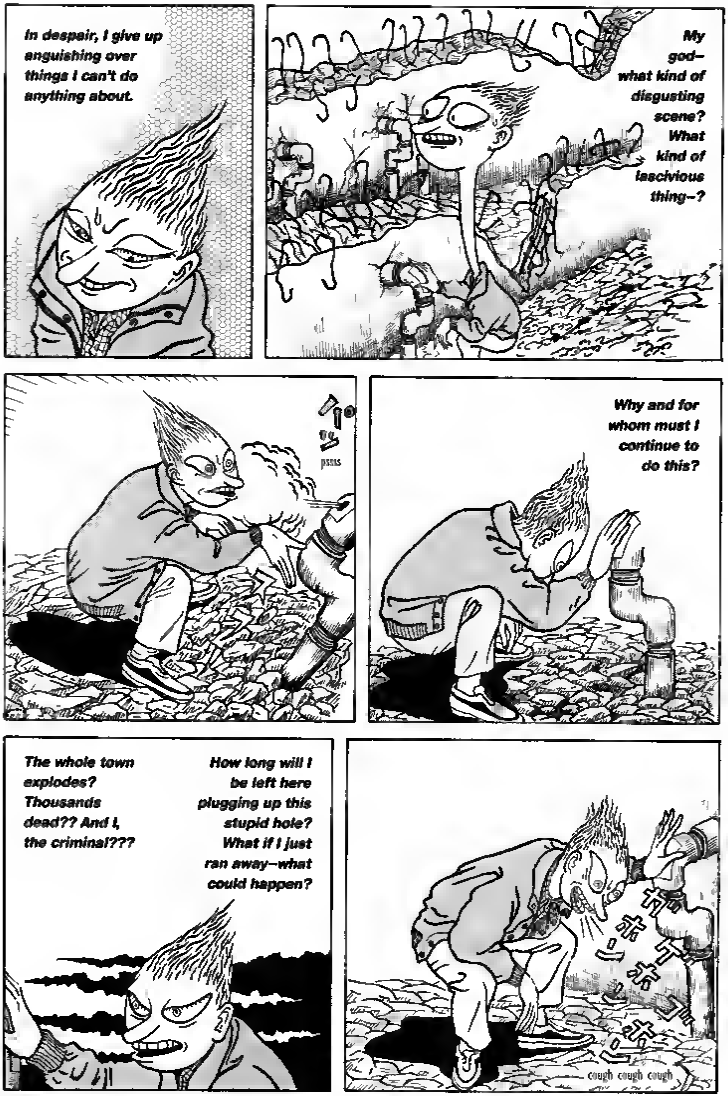
One of the housewives is squatting down with her hand placed on a steel pipe. What the hell is she up to?
with all the happy chatter, I can't get a word in edgewise.
I try to ask her what she's doing in this nasty place so early in the morning but . . .
She tells me the pipe contains highly flammable methane. There was a piece of tape covering a hole in the pipe before, but then Mrs. Nakamura accidentally pressed one of her high heels through it.
My wife approaches me and implores me to please trade places with Mrs. Nakamura.
Mrs. Nakamura of course feels responsible, so she's been keeping her hand over the leak while they've been chatting. But now, my wife says, Mrs. Nakamura must leave for her part-time job.
Methane hydrocarbon gas is incredibly dangerous, she says.

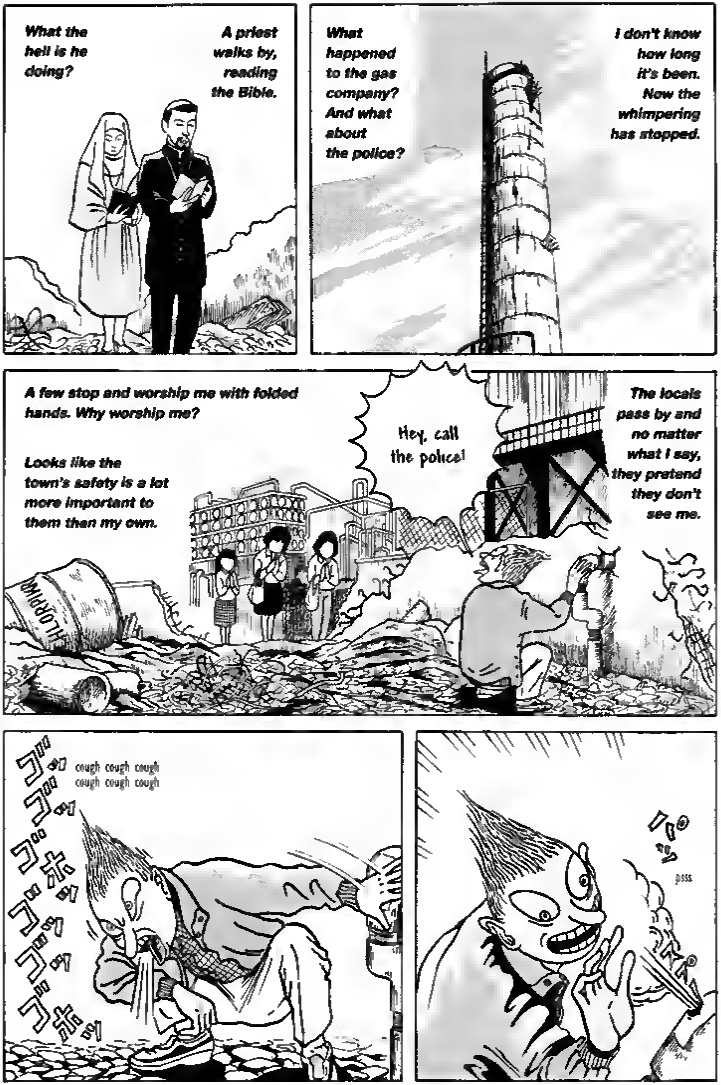
Mrs. Nakamura and the others bow uncomfortably, then quickly leave.
I hate having to take over for her, but they assure me a man from the gas company will be here in ten minutes.
Darling, that gas is quite lethal. Please, no matter what, don't take your hand away from the hole.
Wha—?! My wife's got that delivery man by the groin!
But, mam, he's looking right at us.
Let's go, Jun—with the others gone, now's our chance.
I'm so shocked, I'm at a loss for words.

It's all right for this one time I can't always wait around 'til the situation's just right.
She shoots me a dirty look.
Don't take your hand from that pipe.
Hey! What do you think you're doing?!!
Whoops—that's right.
The thought of my watching them gives him an enormous erection.
Mam, wait—not out in the open here, right in front of him—he's watching.
Y... you... you...


I'm not sure whether my profound desire to kill them comes from jealousy or the fact that they have made a fool of me.
Alone, irritated, restless–and now my balls are starting to itch.
Blithely ignoring me, the loving couple walks off, cozily nestled in each other's arms.
Yes– the bitch!
I know that whimper.
From behind me, I hear a woman's lewd whimper.

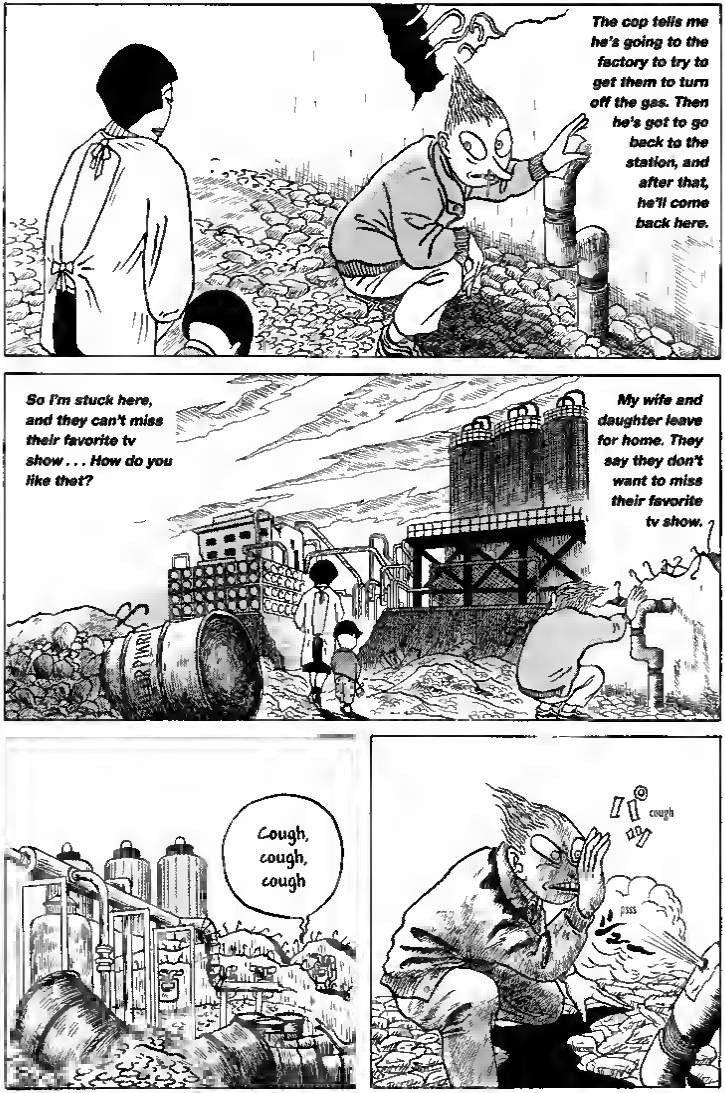

while my wife, just a few yards away, enjoys herself like the devil– my god!
I'm stuck here with my hand on a pipe . . .
But . . .
When the gas man gets here I will be liberated. And then, so help me god, I'll see them dead.
I can't stop thinking about what they are doing.
I wait and I wait and still no gas man. All the while the whimpering continues nonstop.


In despair, I give up anguishing over things I can't do anything about.
My god– what kind of disgusting scene? What kind of lascivious thing–?
psss
Why and for whom must I continue to do this?
The whole town explodes? Thousands dead?? And I, the criminal???
How long will I be left here plugging up this stupid hole? What if I just ran away–what could happen?
cough cough cough


What the hell is he doing?
A priest walks by, reading the Bible.
What happened to the gas company? And what about the police?
I don't know how long it's been. Now the whimpering has stopped.
A few stop and worship me with folded hands. Why worship me?
Looks like the town's safety is a lot more important to them than my own.
Hey, call the police!
The locals pass by and no matter what I say, they pretend they don't see me.
HLORINE
cough cough cough
cough cough cough
pass

I'm starved . . .
Yes—a cop!
No wonder, the sun is already setting.
Honey, as soon as I heard that you had replaced Mrs. Nakamura as the human patch, I went straight to the police
"Human patch"?
A police officer arrives with a housewife and child.

This woman and child appear to be my family . . . ??
The woman, who may or may not be my wife, gives me something to eat, while the cop gives me a break from my duty.
I had no idea, sir, this sort of accident had occurred. The rescue squad will be here soon. I'm afraid I can't stick around long, there are so many details concerning this incident which I must attend to.
Even if this meal was thrown together in a hurry, what does this tell the cop, everyone here, about our family's menu? Oh, this looks bad.
Instant noodles and a cup of rice—what a miserable meal for a guy who holds the lives and well-being of an entire town in his hands.
Are you finished eating? Please don't rush yourself. Are you still eating? Take your time, eat.
スルー
スズル！
フホッ
Gulp
Shloop
Shloop
Daddy—slurp, slurp!


The cop tells me he's going to the factory to try to get them to turn off the gas. Then he's got to go back to the station, and after that, he'll come back here.
So I'm stuck here, and they can't miss their favorite tv show . . . How do you like that?
My wife and daughter leave for home. They say they don't want to miss their favorite tv show.
Cough, cough, cough
cough
cough
sssss

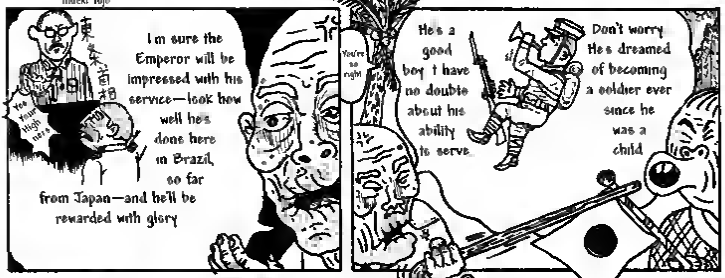
This is something–it must be five or six hours since that cop disappeared. No rescue squad. No fire department. And the gas is still on.
As it gets darker and darker, fear and anxiety overtake me as all hope vanishes into the darkness around me.
drop
pssss
sssh
Why am I here? Why is this happening to me? What kind of terrible things have I done to deserve this?
Rain
drop
Uh—!
END

Future Sperm Brazil

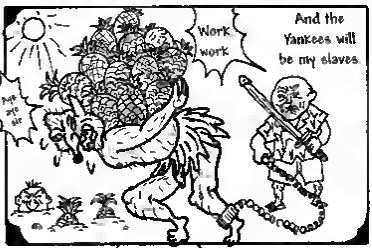
TAKASHI NEMOTO

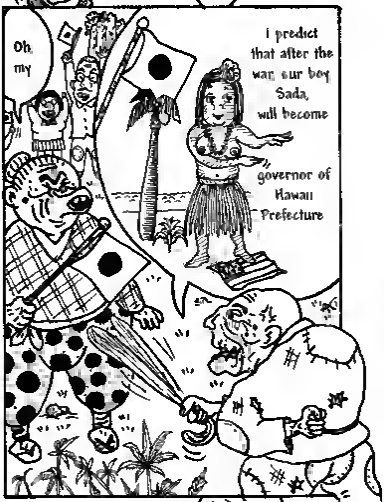
In this excerpt from a larger work we follow the adventures of Sadakichi Suzuki a young man living in a remote Japanese inhabited area of Brazil where the townsfolk—demented one and all—believe that World War II is still being tought Following a dream in which he is visited by the Emperor Sadakichi decides it is time to join his countrymen in the final deciding battle of the war (Ed.)

I'll give all I got
IN CELEBRATION OF SADAKICHI SUZUKI'S SERVICE IN THE WAR EFFORT
banzai
banzai
Mr Sadakichi Suzuki
On this glorious morning, as you give your service to our great Emperor
Sung to send off soldiers
a hundred million applaud your courage, their cheers ring up to the heavens go our strong, brave son
Go get em!
BRAVE JAPANESE BOY!
I wonder dear, can he really serve his country?

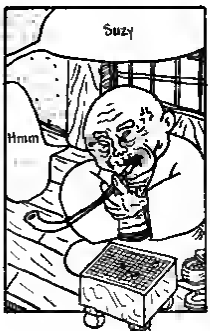

I'm sure the Emperor will be impressed with his service—look how well he's done here in Brazil, so far from Japan—and he'll be rewarded with glory
You're so right!
He's a good boy I have no doubt about his ability to serve
Don't worry He's dreamed of becoming a soldier ever since he was a child

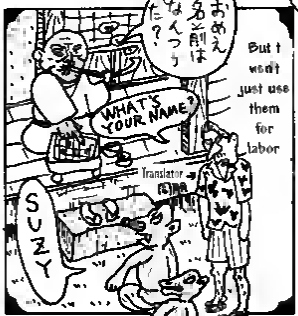
Then we'll move there and start a big pineapple company
Heh heh


And the Yankees will be my slaves
Work work
Pant pant

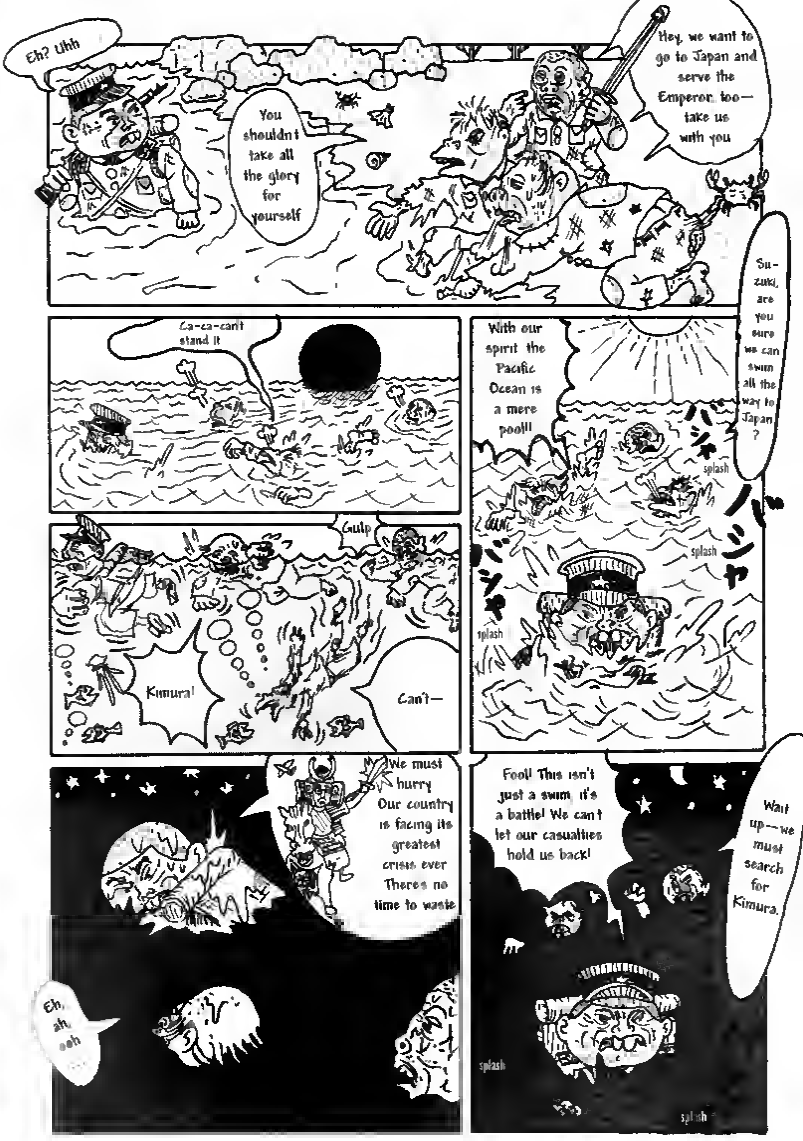

Oh my
I predict that after the war, our boy Sada, will become
governor of Hawaii Prefecture

Now you are Suzumoto.
SUZUMOTO


Suzy
Hmm

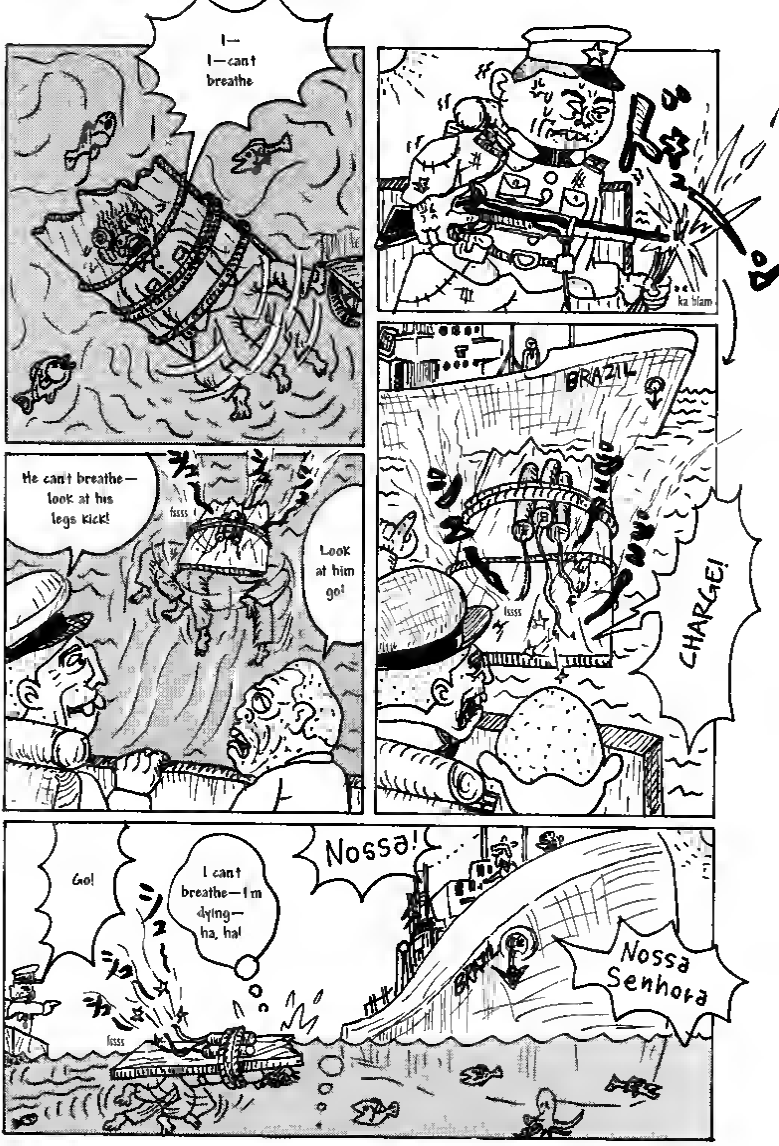

But I won't just use them for labor
おめえ名前はなんつうた?
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
Translator
SUZY

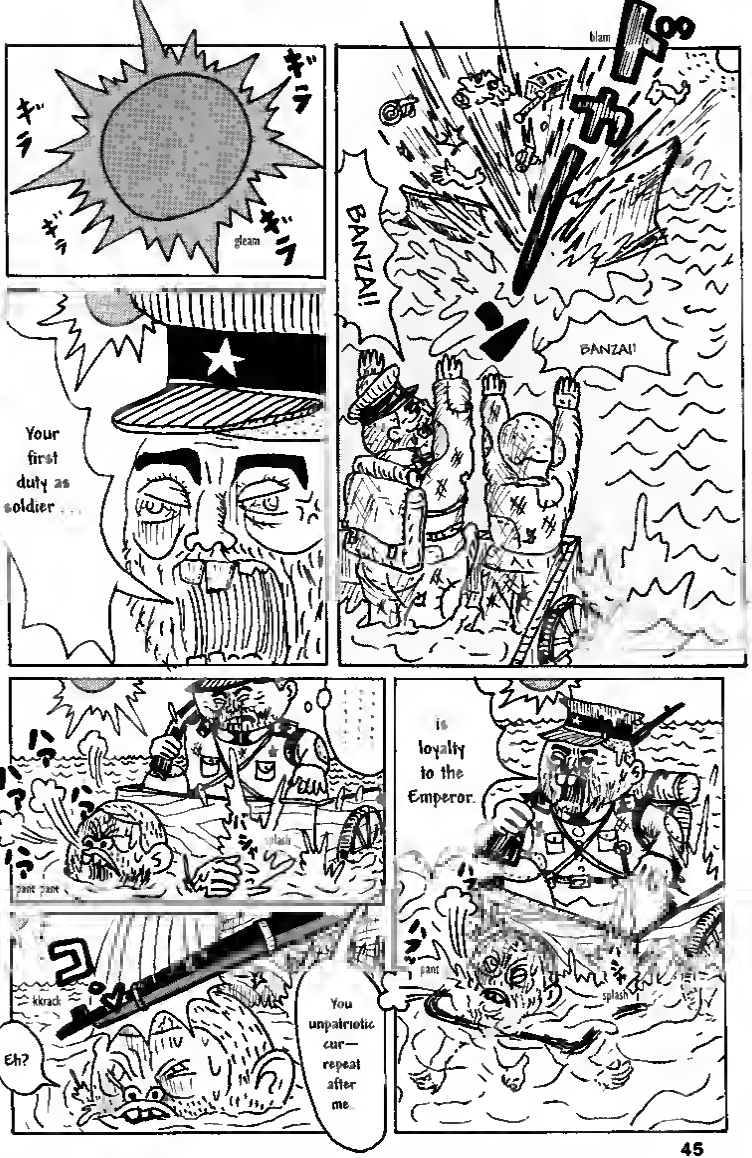
Terry
These traditional Japanese names will be the slaves first step
toward learning respect for their Emperor
Now Terauchi
Next!
Clapton
Clap what?
Well now your name is Krata-toobi Next!
ザ
ザ
lap lap lap
Ah Japan lies across this ocean and the decisive battle of the war is about to begin
slam
Yoo Hoo!
SUZUKI!
I'll receive many medals for sure
boing
tremble
splish
Hey, Suzuki!
What !?
ザ
ザ
ザ
ザ
ザ
splish
splish
lap lap lap


Eh? Uhh
You shouldn't take all the glory for yourself
Hey, we want to go to Japan and serve the Emperor, too—take us with you
Su-zuki, are you sure we can swim all the way to Japan?
Ca-ca-can't stand it
With our spirit the Pacific Ocean is a mere pool!!
splash
splash
splash
バシャ
バシャ
Gulp
Kimura!
Can't—
We must hurry. Our country is facing its greatest crisis ever. There's no time to waste
Eh, ah, ooh ....
Fool! This isn't just a swim, it's a battle! We can't let our casualties hold us back!
Wait up—we must search for Kimura
splash
splash

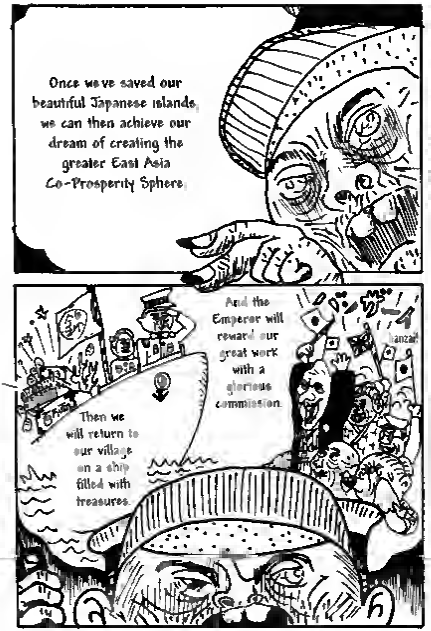
Exhausted
slap
Huh?
What's this?
blub blub
Lucky this pot's here. I can use it to bail out water.
Never mind.
Just take a rest.
splash
What the hell is this doing out here?
Look—it's a bicycle cart.
blub blub
Patrol boat
BRAZIL
Onde vai o Senhor?
Shit! I can't become a POW so soon—the humiliation!
PP R? What's the next letter—can I read these foreign characters
Ship!
Eh!?

What we need is a human torpedo
Human torpedo?
Venha para cá
Shit
But our cart doesn't stand a chance against their battleship
Eh?
kkrack
Ah
Bam
Quem é o Senhor?
Unh
Unngh
Quick
C'moon
All right
Shimkishi, you shall die for your country and become a glorified spirit
What?
Eeyah!
Ugh!
ssock


I—
I—can't breathe
ka blam
BRAZIL
CHARGE!
fssss
He can't breathe—look at his legs kick!
Look at him go!
Go!
I can't breathe—I'm dying—ha, ha!
Nossa!
Nossa Senhora


ギラ
ギラ
ギラ
ギラ
gleam
blam
BANZAI!
BANZAI!
Your first duty as soldier . . .
is loyalty to the Emperor.
pant pant
pant
splash
kkrack
Eh?
You unpatriotic cur— repeat after me.

Th-the b-b-brave one . . .
The brave one must be prepared
What's that?
I can't go on any longer
S-s-sea-da-kichi
pant
pant
pant
Say it
First— as a soldier
splash
splash
splash
splash
F-first as a . . .
Coward! Maggot! Where is your Japanese spirit?
AHHSSSH!
It's been five—no, six—days, I've been swimming without food or water—I can't . . .
Dog!
slam


Once we've saved our beautiful Japanese islands, we can then achieve our dream of creating the greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere.
Then we will return to our village on a ship filled with treasures.
And the Emperor will reward our great work with a glorious commission.
banzai
banzai

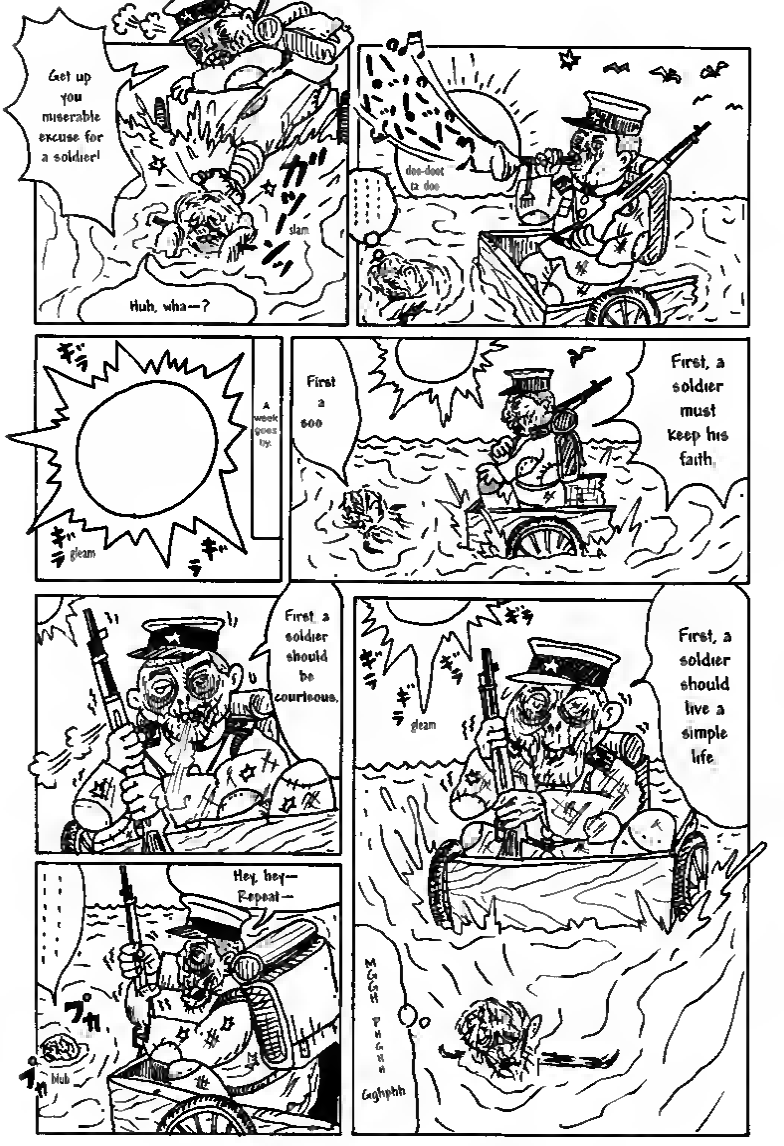
Japan is facing its most dire national crisis. We must come to the Emperor's aid as soon as possible and rid our nation of the beasts that would overtake us!

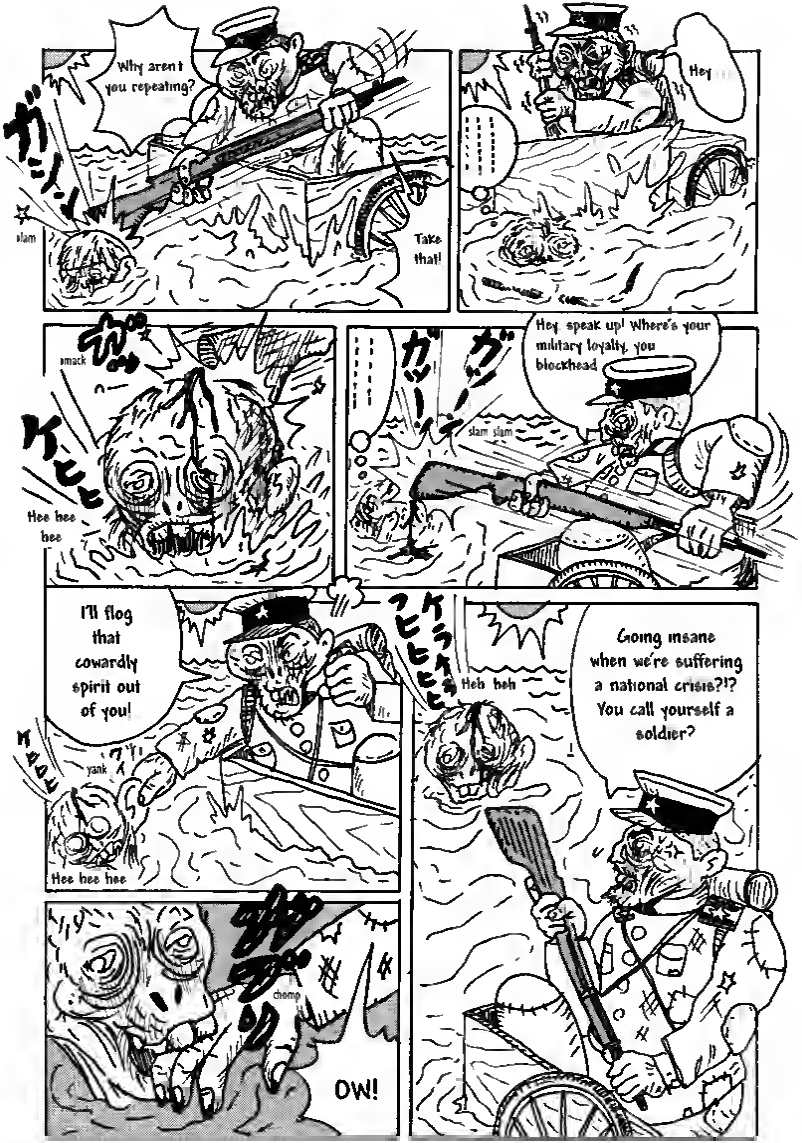
crack
Oh no! A storm's brewing!
splash
splash

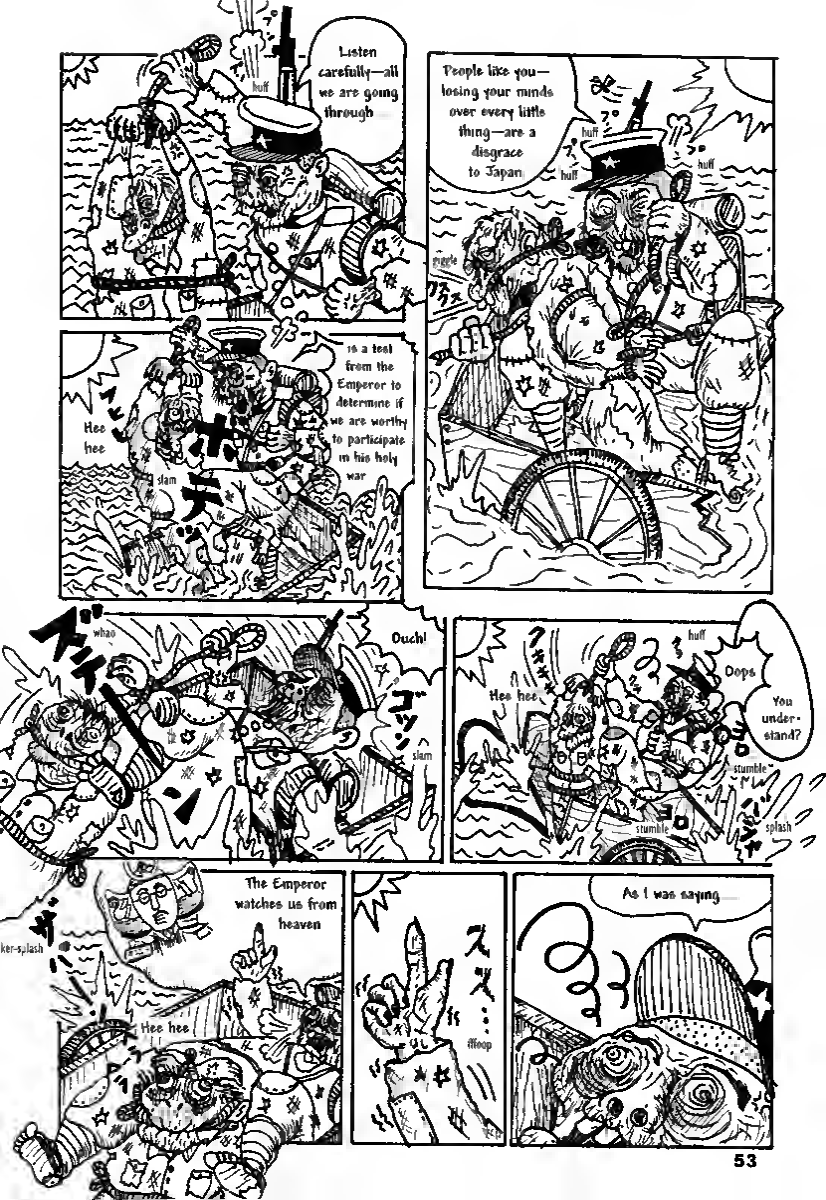
Ah!
splash
wham
stumble

splash
gaaahhoom
Storm at sea!
AIEEEE!
splash
mmmmm
ゴゴー
Light
Huh?!
Uhm
do-doot
do doo
My god, what time is it?

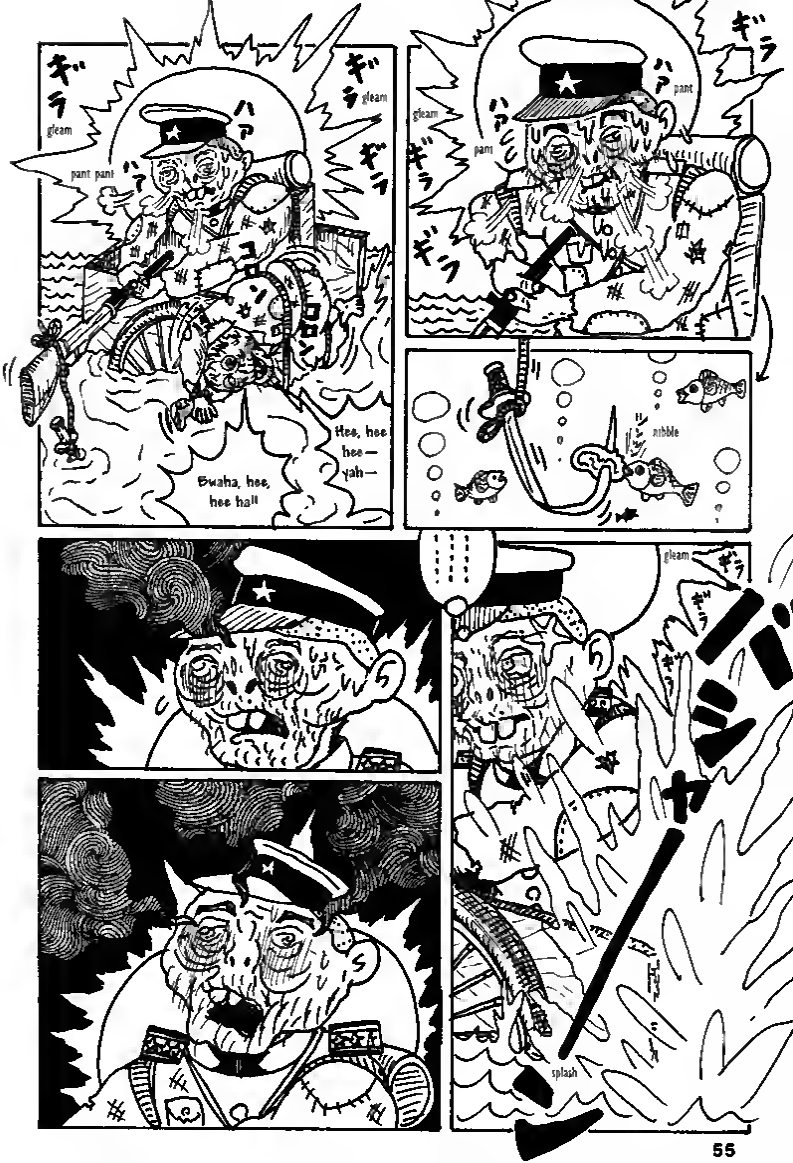
〜ねがのく泣て寝たまへねだ想予の兵一新
Go to bed, O pitiful soldier
Go to bed and cry once more
Unsure whether it's dawn or dusk, in keeping with the fine soldier he is,
Sadakichi instinctively does his duty and blows loud his trumpet.
プカ
プカ
プカ
プカ
blub blub blub
blub

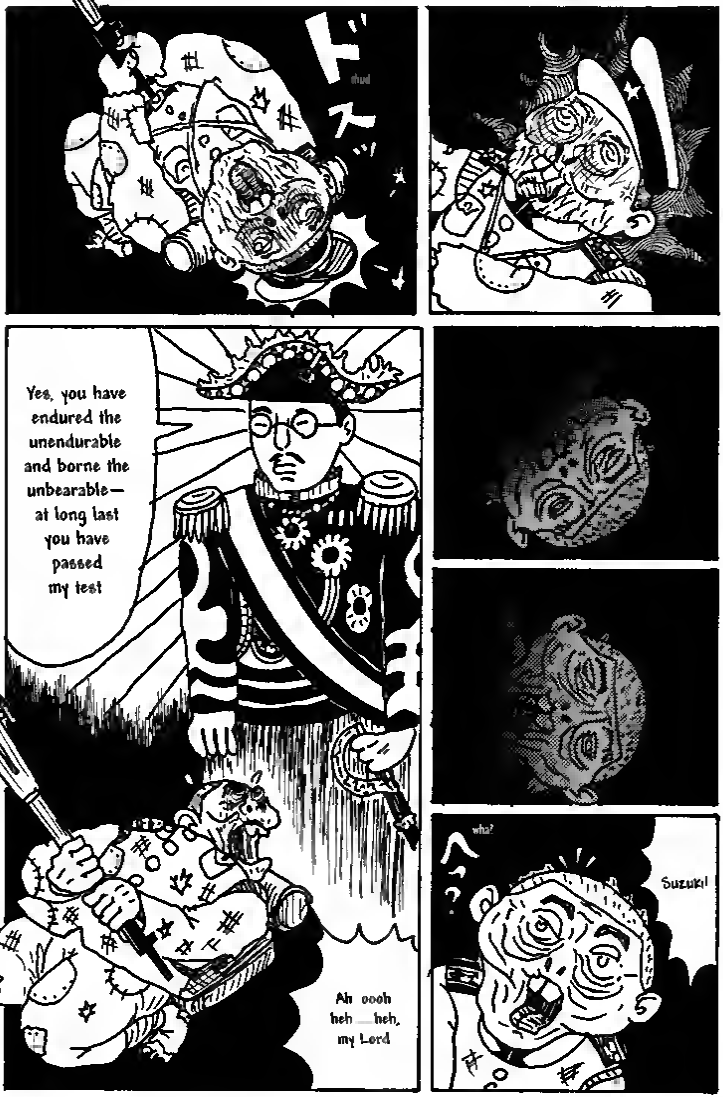

Get up you miserable excuse for a soldier!
ガッ
slam
Huh, wha—?
doo-doot
ta doo
ギラ
A week goes by.
ギラ
gleam
ギラ
First a soo
First, a soldier must keep his faith.
First a soldier should be courteous.
Hey, hey—
Repeat—
プカ
bluh
ギラ
ギラ
gleam
First, a soldier should live a simple life.
MOUSE PHOTOGRAPH

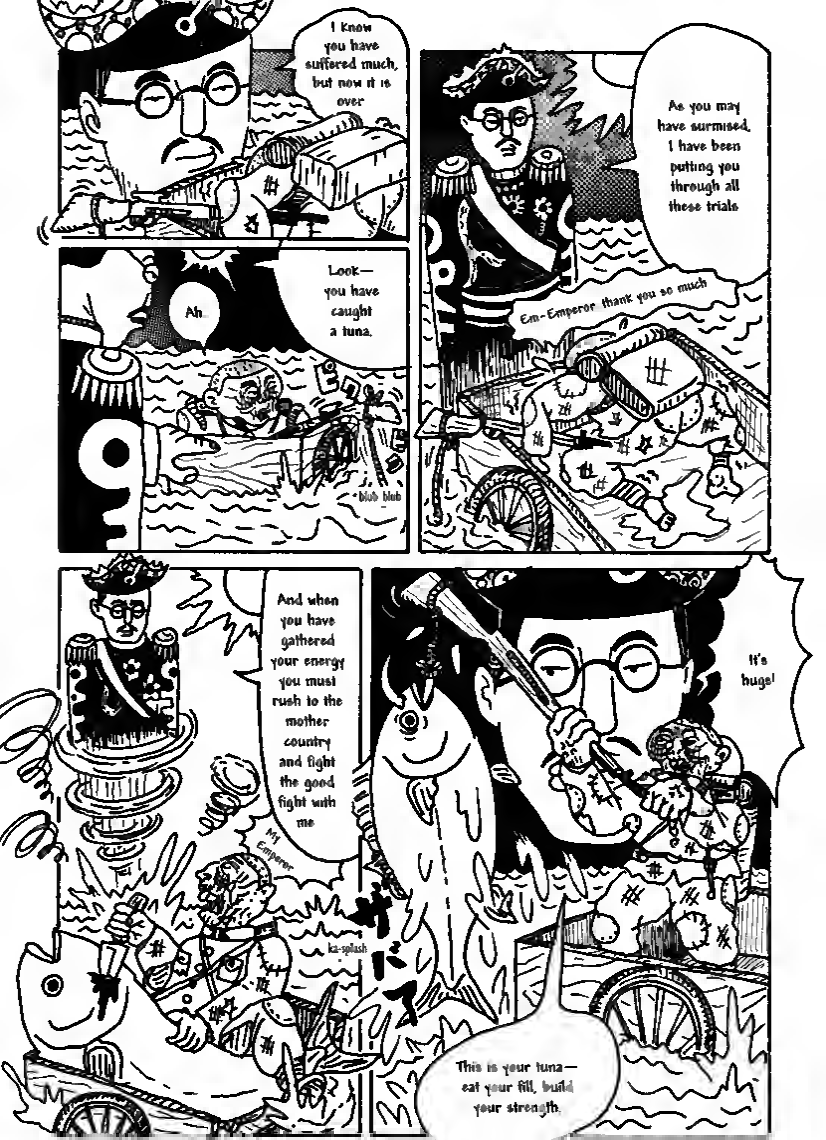

Why aren't you repeating?
slam
Take that!
Hey
Hey speak up! Where's your military loyalty, you blockhead
slam slam
smack
Hee hee hee
I'll flog that cowardly spirit out of you!
yank
Hee hee hee
Heh heh
Going insane when we're suffering a national crisis?!? You call yourself a soldier?
chomp
OW!

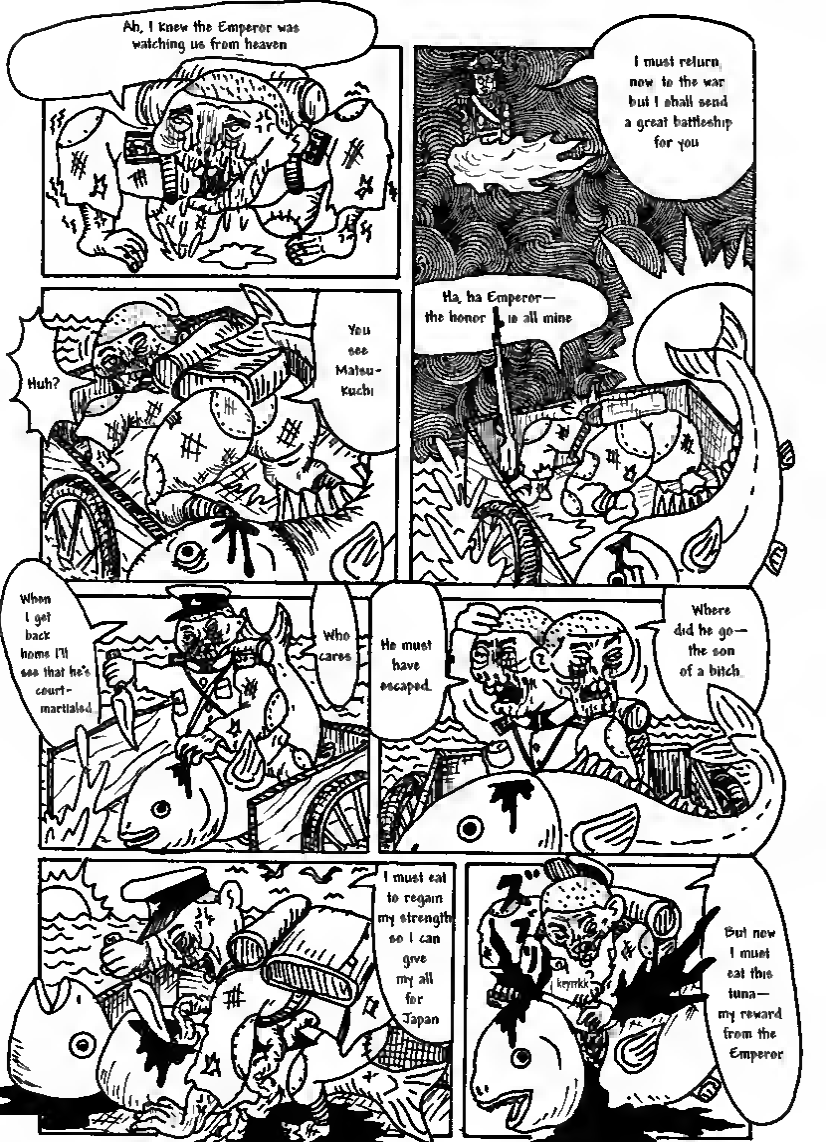

Listen carefully—all we are going through
huff
People like you—losing your minds over every little thing—are a disgrace to Japan
huff
huff
huff
giggle
Hee hee
slam
is a test from the Emperor to determine if we are worthy to participate in his holy war
whoo
Ouch!
slam
Hee hee
huff
Oops
You under-stand?
stumble
stumble
splash
The Emperor watches us from heaven
ker-splash
Hee hee
ffoop
As I was saying

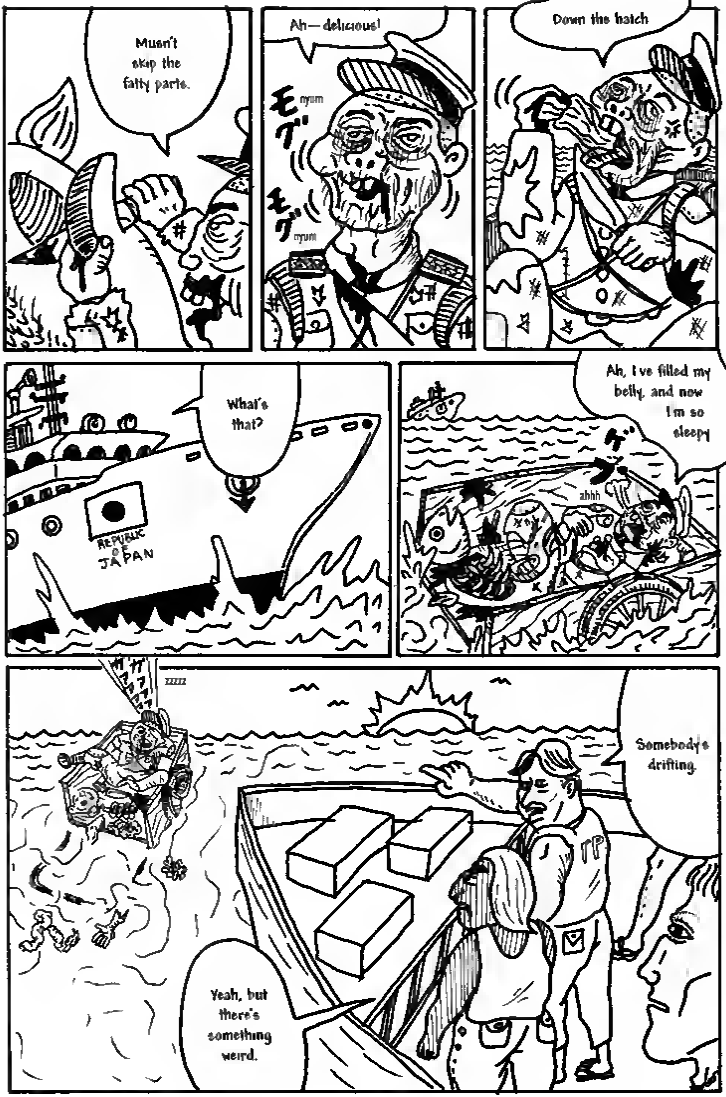
Ah, I got it— I'll make something to fish with.
But meanwhile I'm starving. I guess this is it.
gleam
Tee hee
pant pant
arrgh
Now I can catch a huge tuna—and you can eat all you need
Hee hee
Need bait...
Hee hee hee
gleam
It's for your country
keyrrkk
Ha ha


ギラ
gleam
ハア
pant pant
Bwaha, hee, hee ha!!
Hee, hee hee— yah—
ハア
pant
nibble
splash


thud
Yes, you have endured the unendurable and borne the unbearable— at long last you have passed my test
Ah oooh heh heh, my Lord
who?
Suzuki!


I know you have suffered much, but now it is over
As you may have surmised, I have been putting you through all these trials
Em-Emperor thank you so much
Look— you have caught a tuna.
Ah
*blub blub
It's huge!
This is your tuna— eat your fill, build your strength.
And when you have gathered your energy you must rush to the mother country and fight the good fight with me
My Emperor
ka-splash


Ah, I knew the Emperor was watching us from heaven
I must return now to the war but I shall send a great battleship for you
Ha, ha Emperor— the honor is all mine
Huh?
You see Matsu-kuchi
When I get back home I'll see that he's court-martialed
Who cares
He must have escaped.
Where did he go— the son of a bitch
I must eat to regain my strength so I can give my all for Japan
keymkk
But now I must eat this tuna— my reward from the Emperor


Mustn't skip the fatty parts.
Ah—delicious!
mum
mum
Down the hatch
What's that?
REPUBLIC OF JAPAN
Ah, I've filled my belly, and now I'm so sleepy
zhhh
zzzzz
Somebody's drifting.
Yeah, but there's something weird.

ゴオオオオオ
END

A Love Like Lemons

CAROL SHIMODA

レモンの恋

キャロル霜田

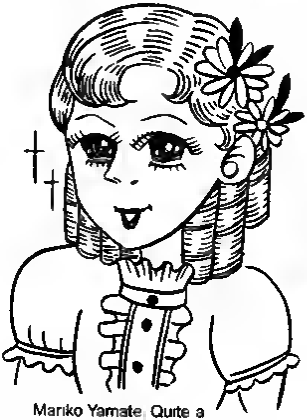
6

PLAYERS

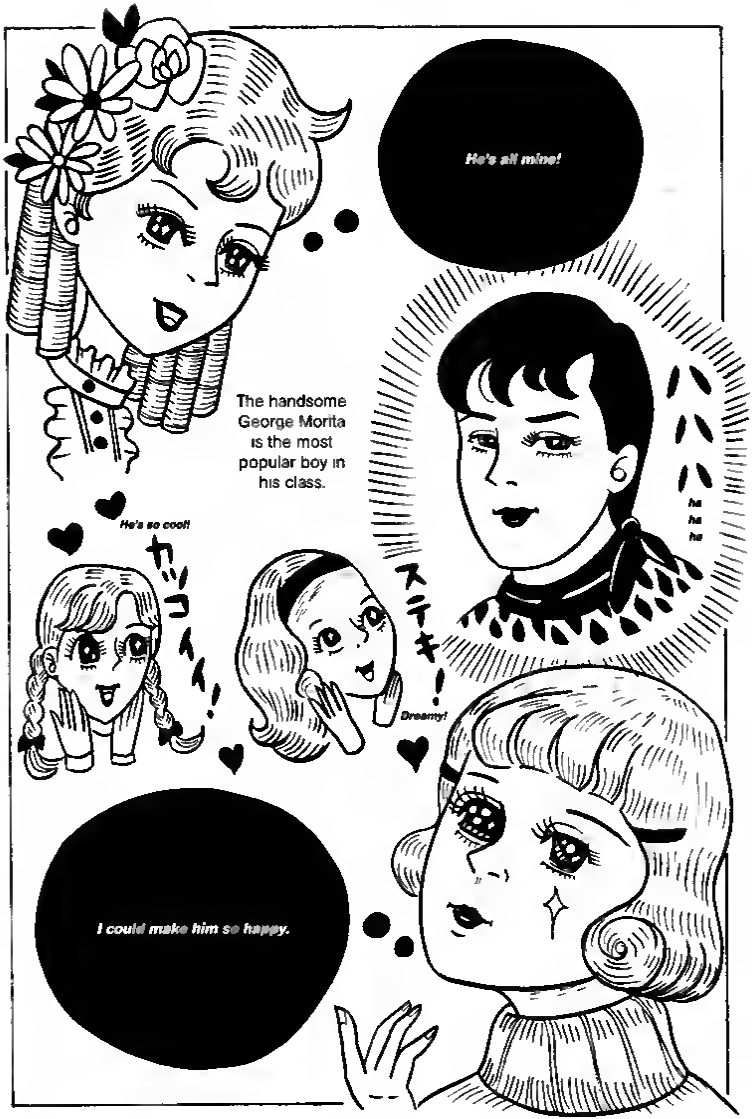
Fuyuko Tachibana. Her dark past is her weapon on love's battlefield.

George Morita. A real cool guy, and popular too. His mom is Japanese, his dad's American.

Milky Yamada. She's so fashionable, so chic!

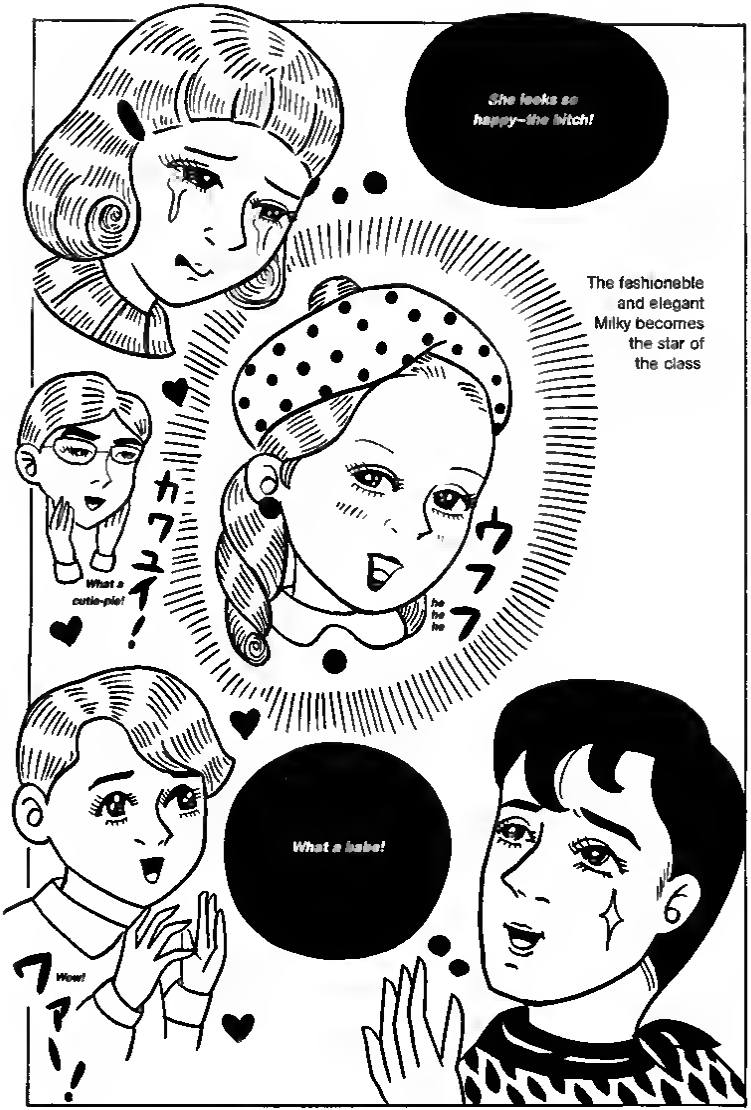


Mariko Yamate. Quite a snob—but pretty.


He's all mine!
The handsome George Morita is the most popular boy in his class.
He's so cool!
カッコイイ!
ステキ!
Dreamy!
I could make him so happy.

Oh, that's pitiful
I'm sickly, my family's poor— I haven't any friends or money
shock
But I'm not falling for it
How tedious! You're such a square
But I have so much more to tell you
wip

Our hero, Morita, you see, is already involved with Mariko Yamate


She looks so happy—the bitch!
The fashionable and elegant Milky becomes the star of the class
What a cutie-pie!
What a babe!
Wow!

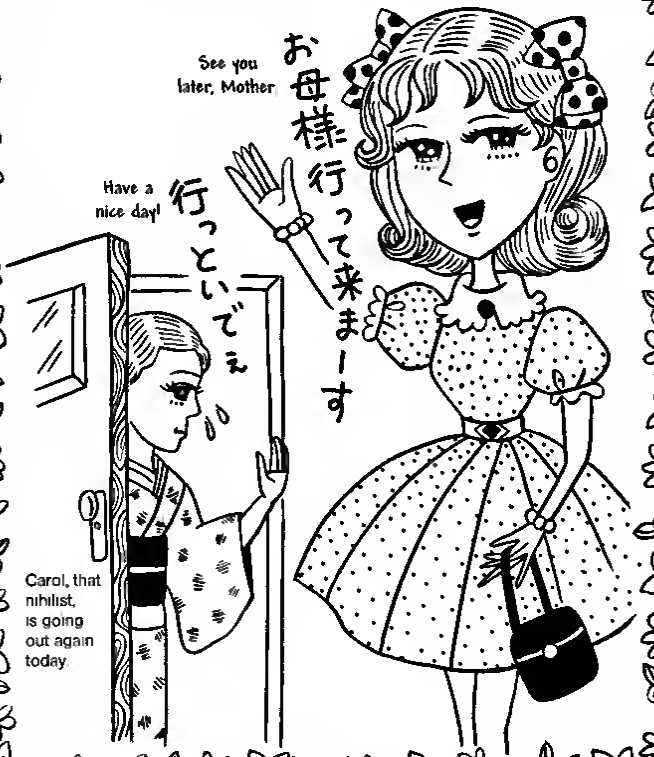
But we've only just begun!
It's all over with us now, we're through— so long!
But, but—
You parasite!!
smack
But what about our child?!!
シクシク
sob sob
I must follow my heart!!

And so, our hero, Morita, has cast off the shackles of his past and begins life anew
I ♥ MILKY
Nice body ...
END

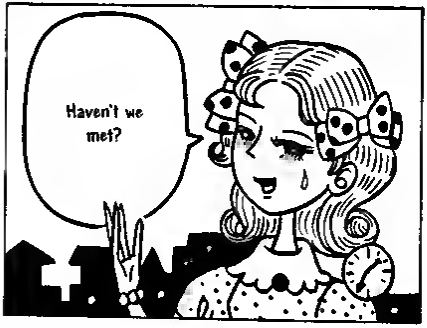
Selfish Carol's Summer Vacation

CAROL SHIMODA

我がロルの夏休み



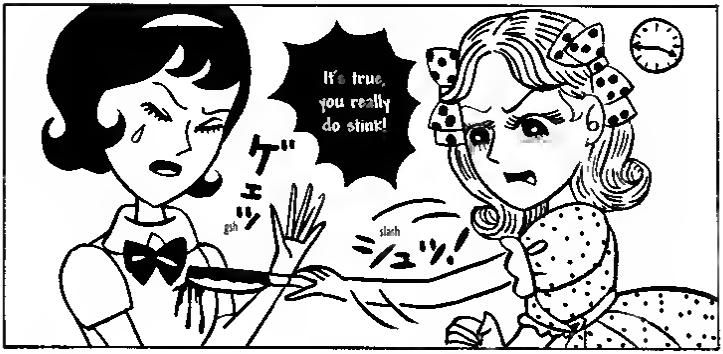
Hi! Hot enough for ya?

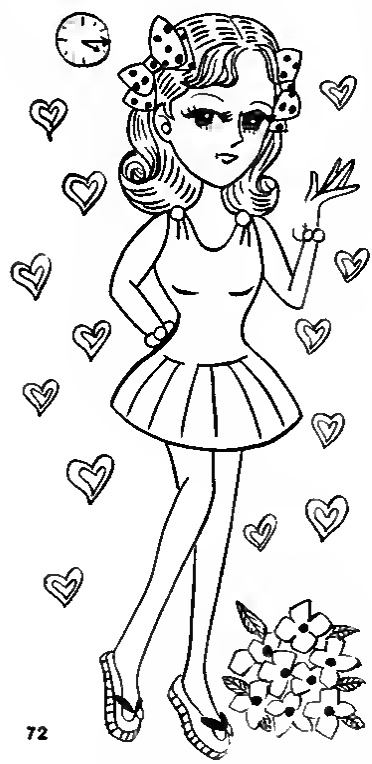

Haven't we met?

Love needs no words

Where shall I go today?

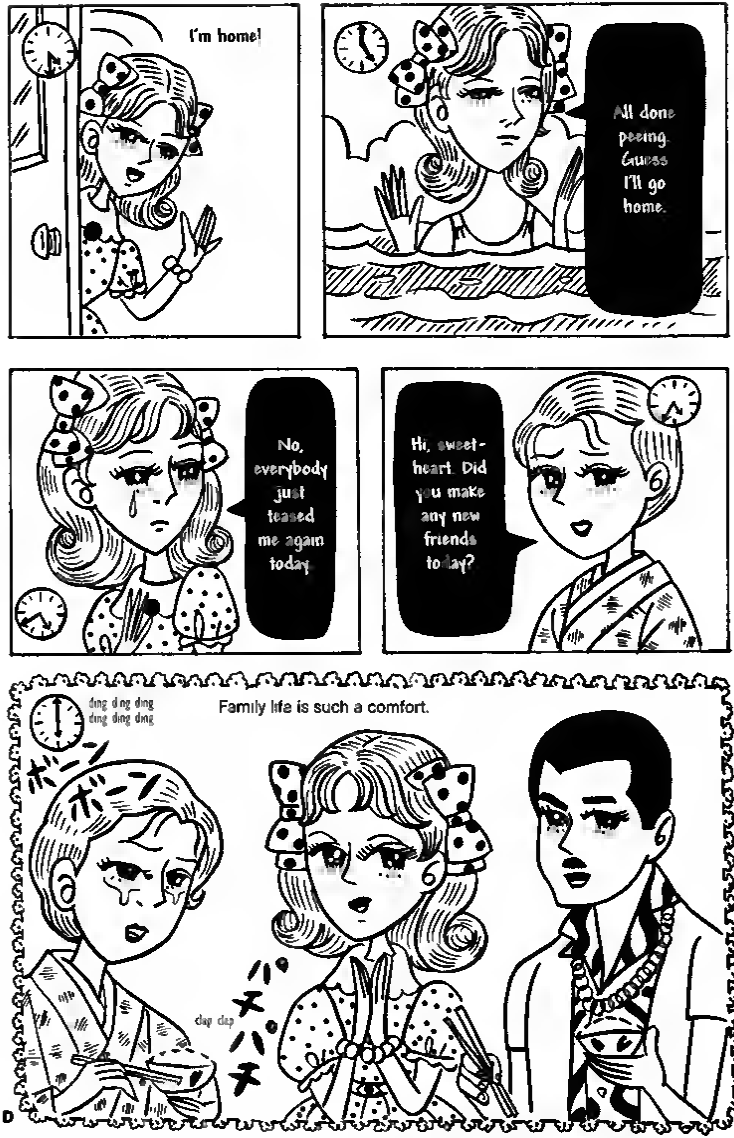
See you later!
Ahhh, feelin' good!
Leave me alone
What's wrong, honey?
If you must know, I've got BO!
gasp
キャ
Fool!
pfft
ピシャ
!


It's true, you really do stink!
ゲェッ
gah
slash
シュッ!



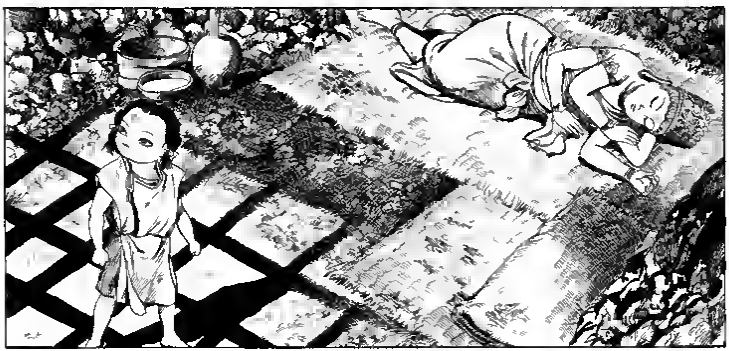
Uh-oh, there's blood everywhere!

Better freshen up I'll go for a quick swim.

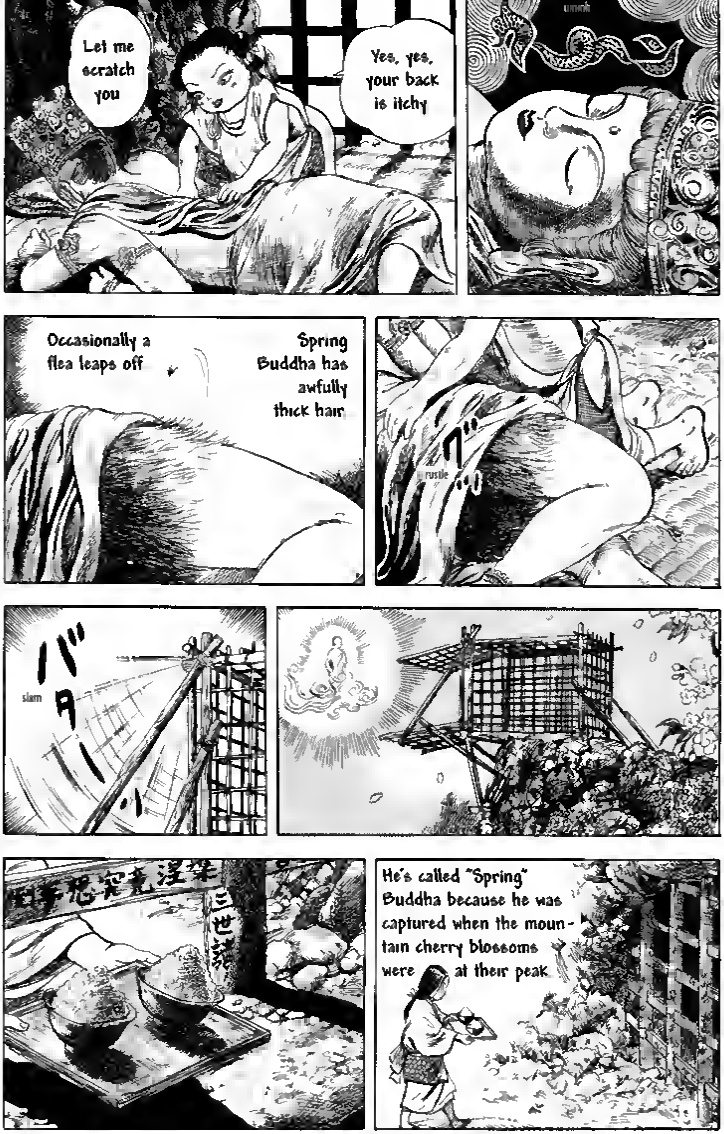

I'm home!
All done peeing. Guess I'll go home.
No, everybody just teased me again today.
Hi, sweetheart. Did you make any new friends today?
ding ding ding
ding ding ding
ボーン
ボーン
Family life is such a comfort.
clap clap
パチパチ
END

Mercy Flesh (Jiniku)
KAZUICHI HANAWA
慈
肉

ヒラ flutter
ヒラ flutter
ヒラ



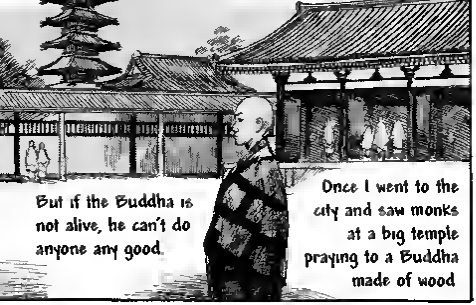
Spring Buddha gets to eat lots of rice and fall asleep But it's that butterfly enjoying his freedom that I really envy I wish I could get out of this cage once in a while.
ZZZZ

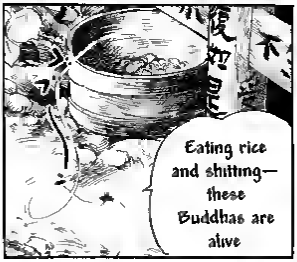

Let me scratch you
Yes, yes, your back is itchy
Occasionally a flea leaps off
Spring Buddha has awfully thick hair
rustle
slam
三世春
He's called "Spring" Buddha because he was captured when the mountain cherry blossoms were at their peak

Have to eat fast before Buddha takes mine too.
gulp
gulp
gulp
gulp
gulp
gulp
myumm myumm
shit!
gulp
gulp
myumm
myumm
yeow
yank
Yes sir! Poops? Very good sir!
plop
Boy, I really want to get out, but I know I'll be stuck here 'til the day I die

gssh
ゴリ
ガッサ
Since I never see anything but this one scene, I can detect even the slightest growth of vines. Ah, it's summer outside
gssh
ガッサ
ひょん
wheee
ひょん
Here comes my master.
wheee
ひょん
ひょん
He's captured another Buddha.

Master, please let me out of here.
creak
shuffle shuffle
Please, master —look at me. Tell me I'll be allowed out.
Shit! They're leaving.
gulp gulp
Heh, heh, heh. This latest catch is a summer Buddha. Our master must be very happy now that he's got two Buddhas.
Heh, heh, heh—what an appetite—eat up!


But if the Buddha is not alive, he can't do anyone any good.
Once I went to the city and saw monks at a big temple praying to a Buddha made of wood


Eating rice and shitting— these Buddhas are alive

Ah . . . cicadas are singing. Summer must be at its height.

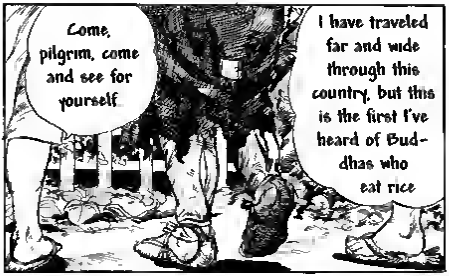
Live Buddhas— our good luck.

The vines are growing fast.
grrssh

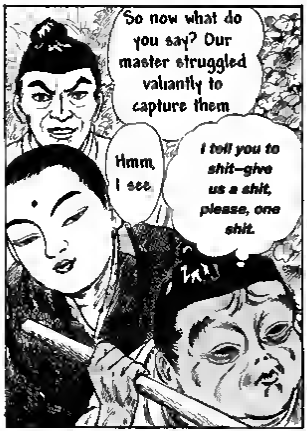
Everyone must be out fishing or playing in the river.

The two Buddhas are always fighting.

scratch scratch scratch
shuffle
I'm sure even the Buddhas want to go outside.
But with these sutras written here, there can be no escape.
sniff sniff
yank
Ow! Ooh! Eee! Ahh!
Last night I saw my master come and lick the Buddha, grasping him very tight. That must be how he got those scratches
Ow! Ohh!
There are scratches on his back


Come, pilgrim, come and see for yourself.
I have traveled far and wide through this country, but this is the first I've heard of Buddhas who eat rice

Speak of the devil—here comes my master.


So now what do you say? Our master struggled valiantly to capture them
Hmm, I see.
I tell you to shit—give us a shit, please, one shit.

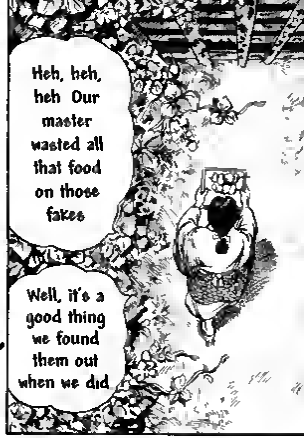
prod prod
Shit! Show us your shit—come on and shit.

But what, I wonder, is this incredible stench?!
Well, they certainly look like Buddhas

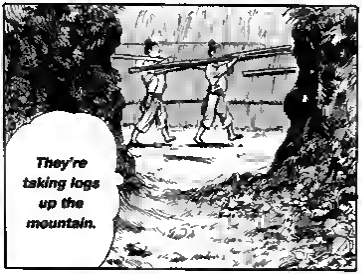
Their perspiration is trapped and pools between strands of hair
As the beasts get older, moss grows over their hides
It's said they can transform themselves into any shape
This gives them a faint glow at twilight
My dear pilgrim, if you doubt everything you encounter in the world, you become narrow-minded
gahboom
plink plink

craaack
ka-sheen
zah zah zah
Looks like Buddhas are afraid of lightning.
craaack
squeal squeal
squeak
chirp
zzzz
stomp stomp stomp
Now I remember hearing all that noise in the middle of the night.
Huh?
The Buddhas are gone!

Thanks to them, we have a little meat for a change
もぐ
もぐ
gulp
gulp

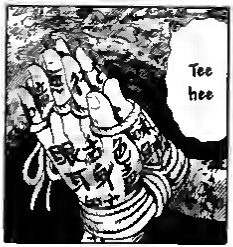

Heh, heh, heh Our master wasted all that food on those fakes
Well, it's a good thing we found them out when we did

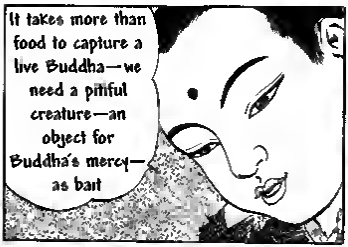
They're trying once more to capture Buddha.


They're taking logs up the mountain.

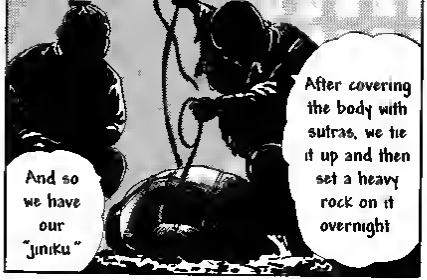
ひょん
ひょん
wheee
ひょん

Tee hee hee

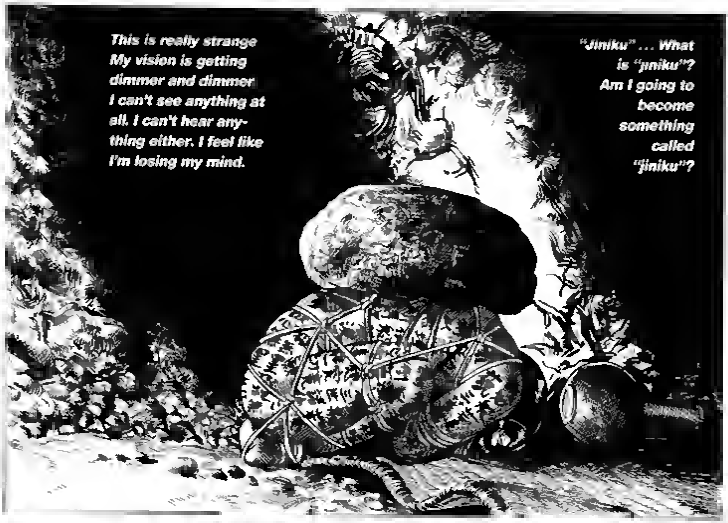

Tee hee

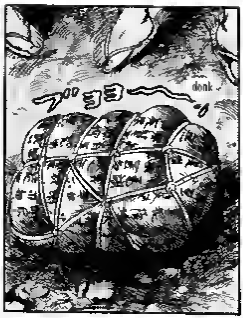

It takes more than food to capture a live Buddha—we need a pitiful creature—an object for Buddha's mercy—as bait

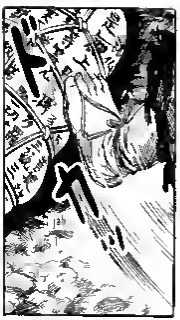
ヒヘヘヘヘヘ
tee-hee tee-hee
Oooh, it tickles!

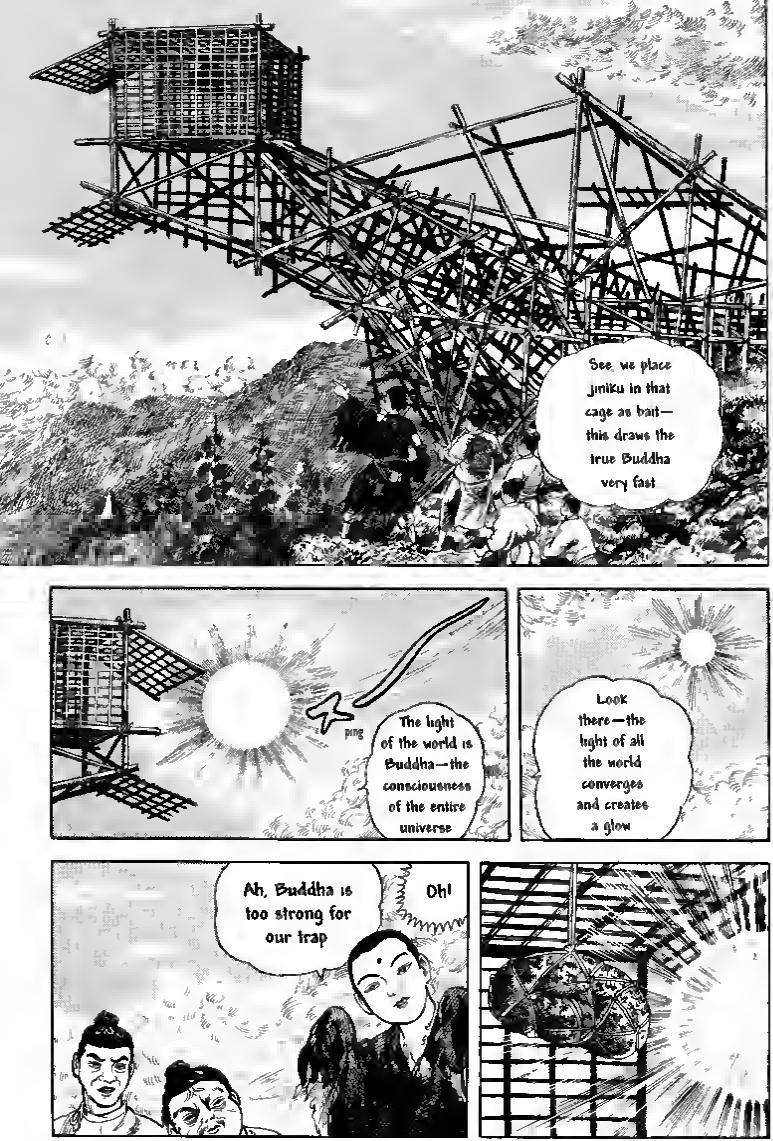

And so we have our "jiniku"
After covering the body with sutras, we tie it up and then set a heavy rock on it overnight

Hee hee!


This is really strange My vision is getting dimmer and dimmer I can't see anything at all. I can't hear anything either. I feel like I'm losing my mind.
"Jiniku"... What is "jiniku"? Am I going to become something called "jiniku"?


donk




See, we place Jimiku in that cage as bait—this draws the true Buddha very fast
png
The light of the world is Buddha—the consciousness of the entire universe
Look there—the light of all the world converges and creates a glow
Ah, Buddha is too strong for our trap
Oh!

Could it be that this pilgrim is the real Buddha?

crumble
crack

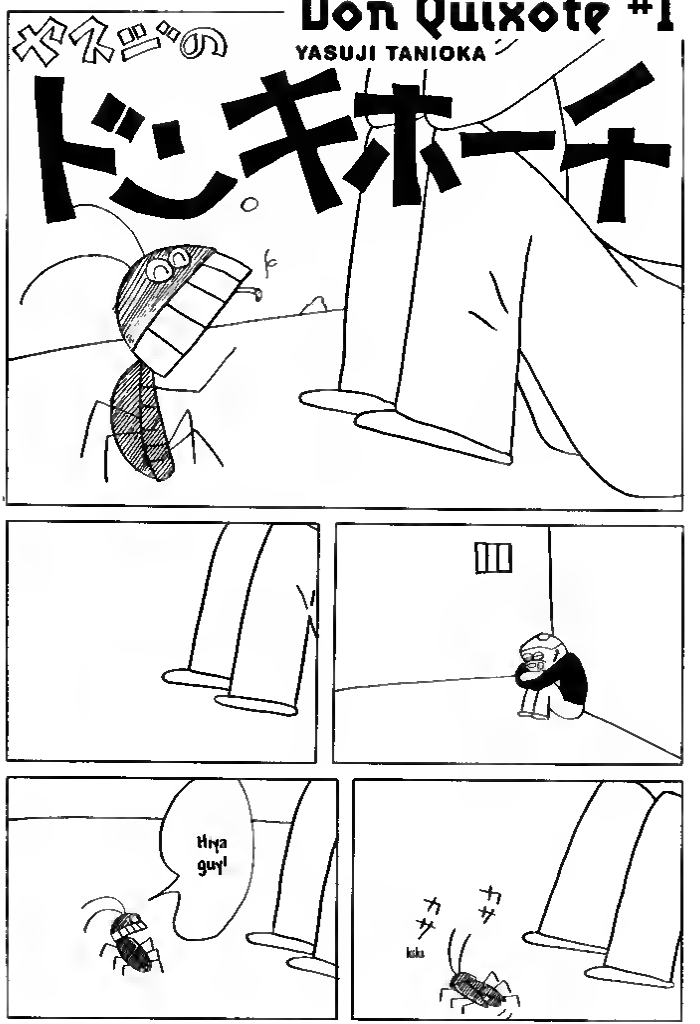
Let's find out.

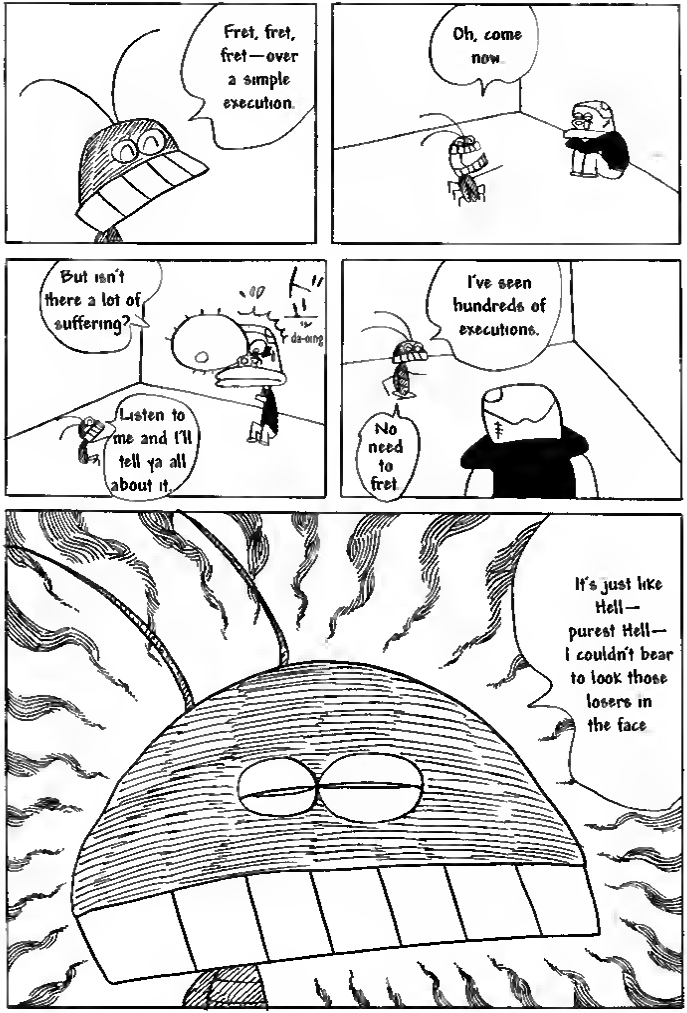
He must have planned the whole thing so that kid could escape.

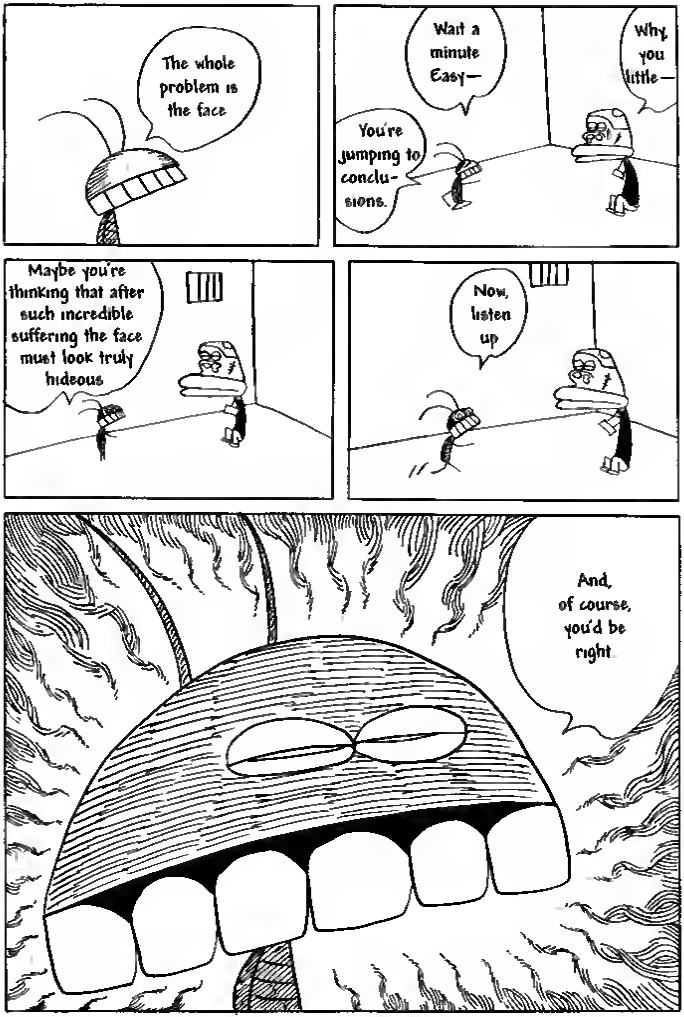
Oh well, my mistake.
Whaa?

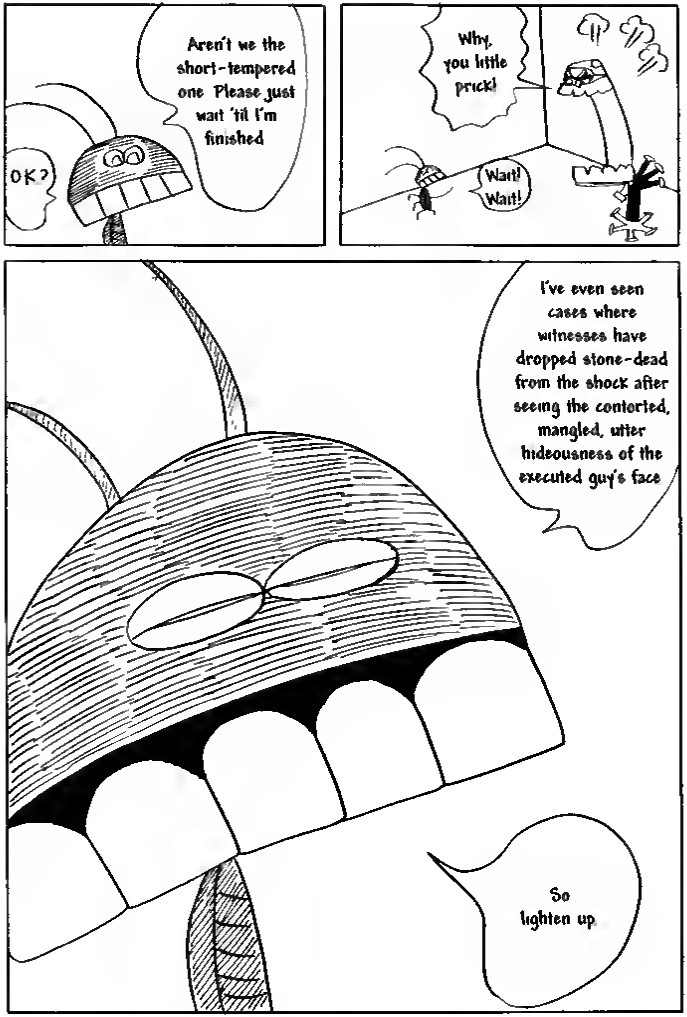
whack

END


Don Quixote #1
YASUJI TANIOKA
ヤスミ・タニオカ
ドン・キホーテ
Hiya guy!
カサ
カサ
kasa

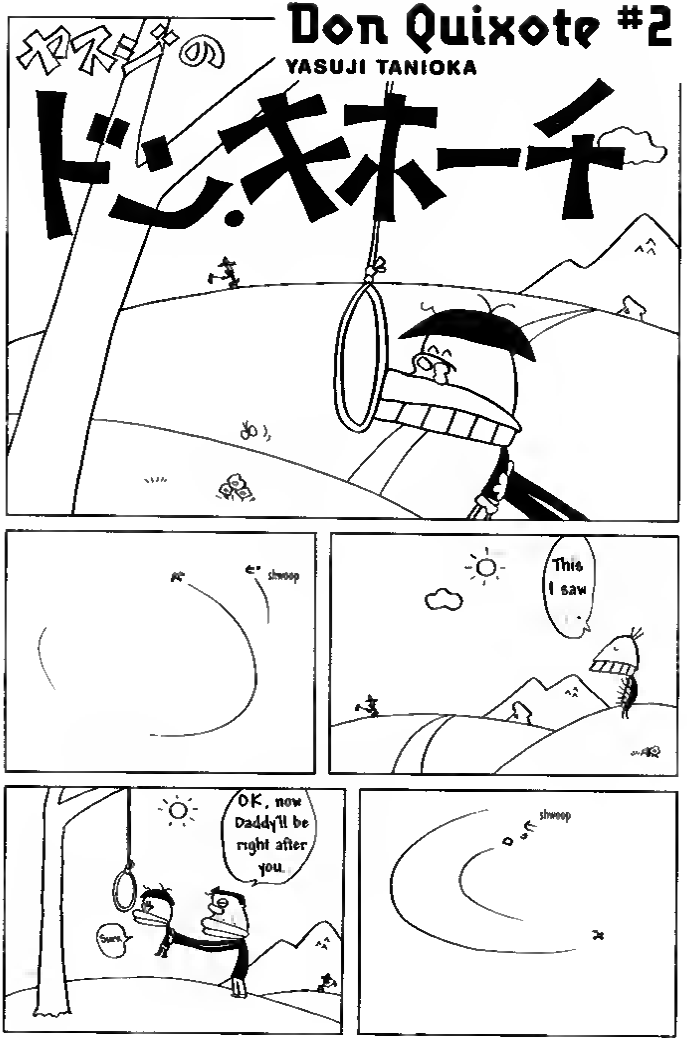

Fret, fret, fret—over a simple execution.
Oh, come now.
But isn't there a lot of suffering?
da-ring
Listen to me and I'll tell ya all about it.
I've seen hundreds of executions.
No need to fret.
It's just like Hell—purest Hell—I couldn't bear to look those losers in the face

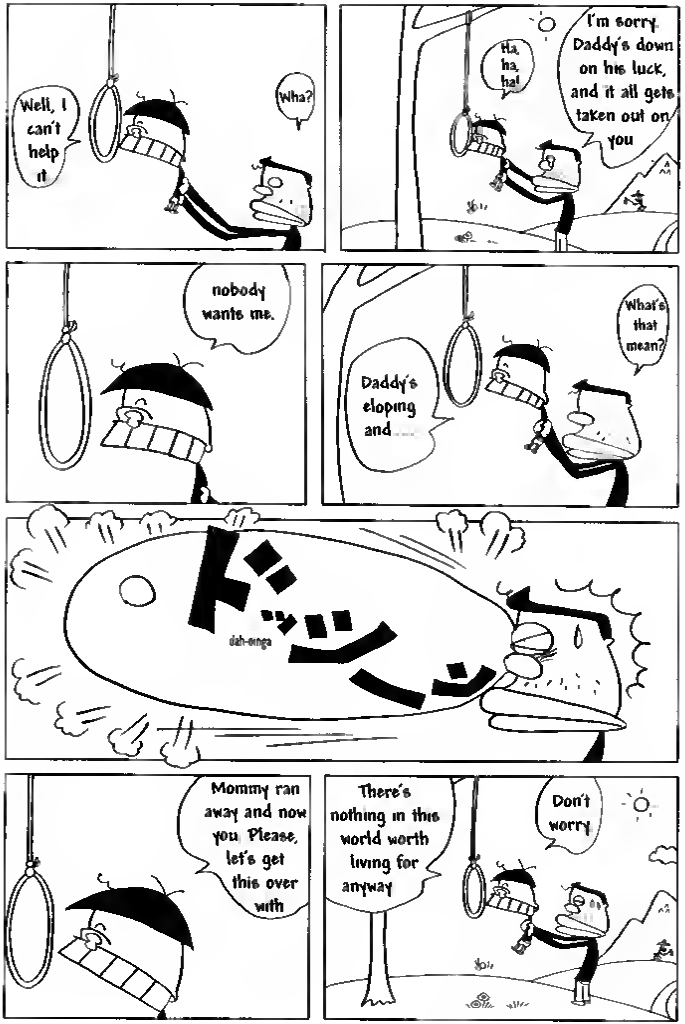

The whole problem is the face
Wait a minute Easy—
You're jumping to conclu-sions.
Why, you little—
Maybe you're thinking that after such incredible suffering the face must look truly hideous
Now, listen up
And, of course, you'd be right

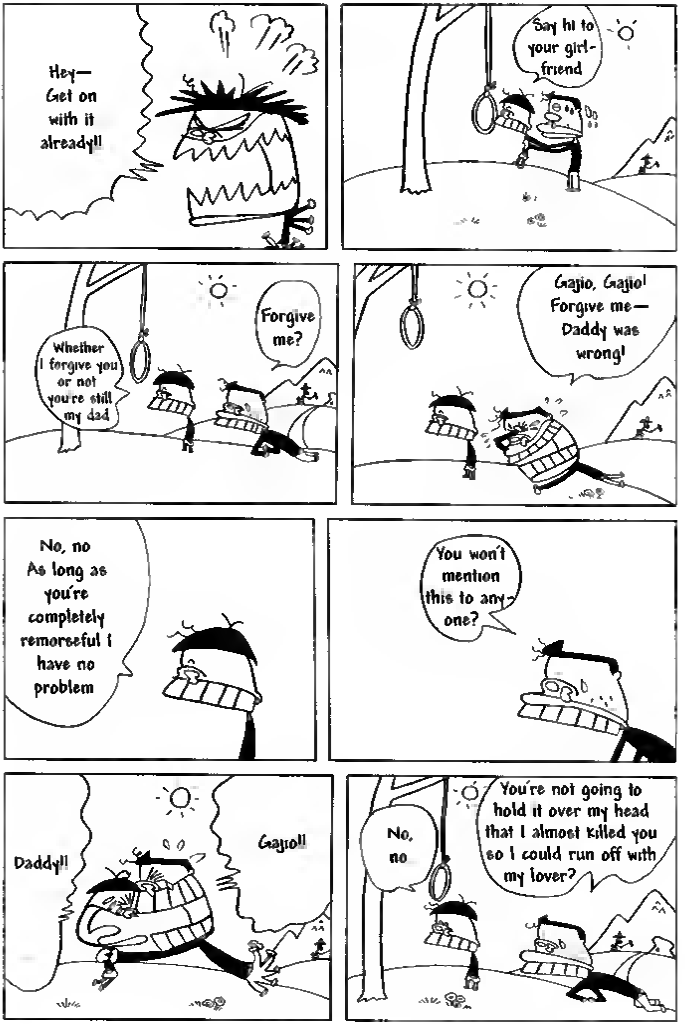

Aren't we the short-tempered one Please just wait 'til I'm finished
OK?
Why, you little prick!
Wait! Wait!
I've even seen cases where witnesses have dropped stone-dead from the shock after seeing the contorted, mangled, utter hideousness of the executed guy's face
So lighten up

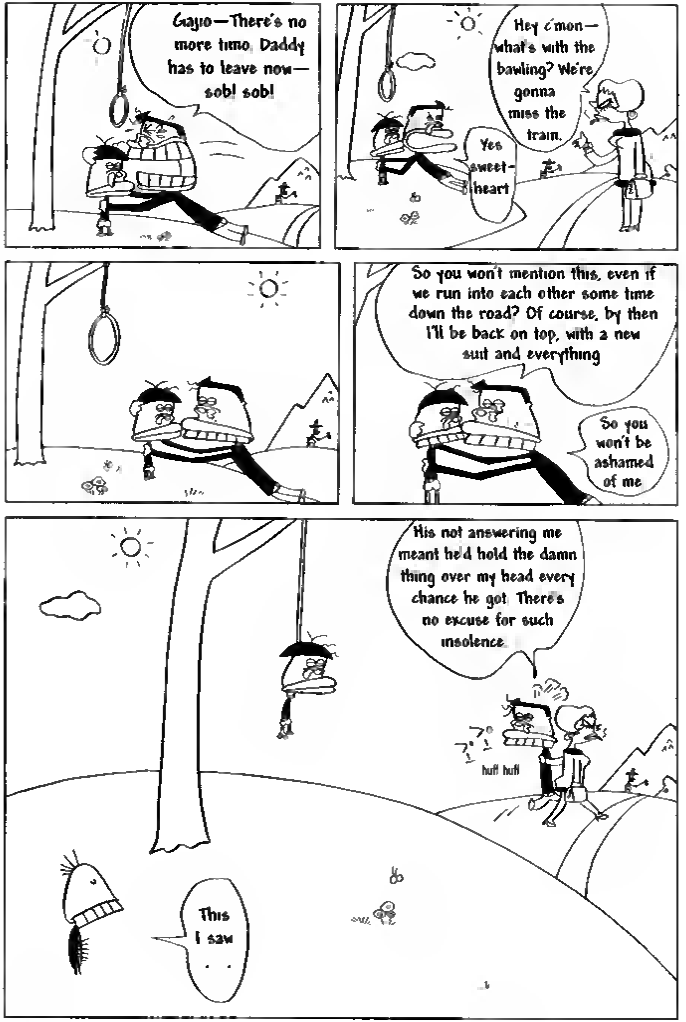
Don Quixote #2

YASUJI TANIOKA




Well, I can't help it
Wha?
Ha, ha, ha!
I'm sorry. Daddy's down on his luck, and it all gets taken out on you
nobody wants me.
What's that mean?
Daddy's eloping and.....
ドッシーン
dah-ongo
Mommy ran away and now you. Please, let's get this over with
There's nothing in this world worth living for anyway
Don't worry


Hey—
Get on with it already!!
Say hi to your girl-friend
Whether I forgive you or not you're still my dad
Forgive me?
Gajio, Gajio! Forgive me— Daddy was wrong!
No, no As long as you're completely remorseful I have no problem
You won't mention this to anyone?
Daddy!!
Gajio!!
No, no
You're not going to hold it over my head that I almost killed you so I could run off with my lover?

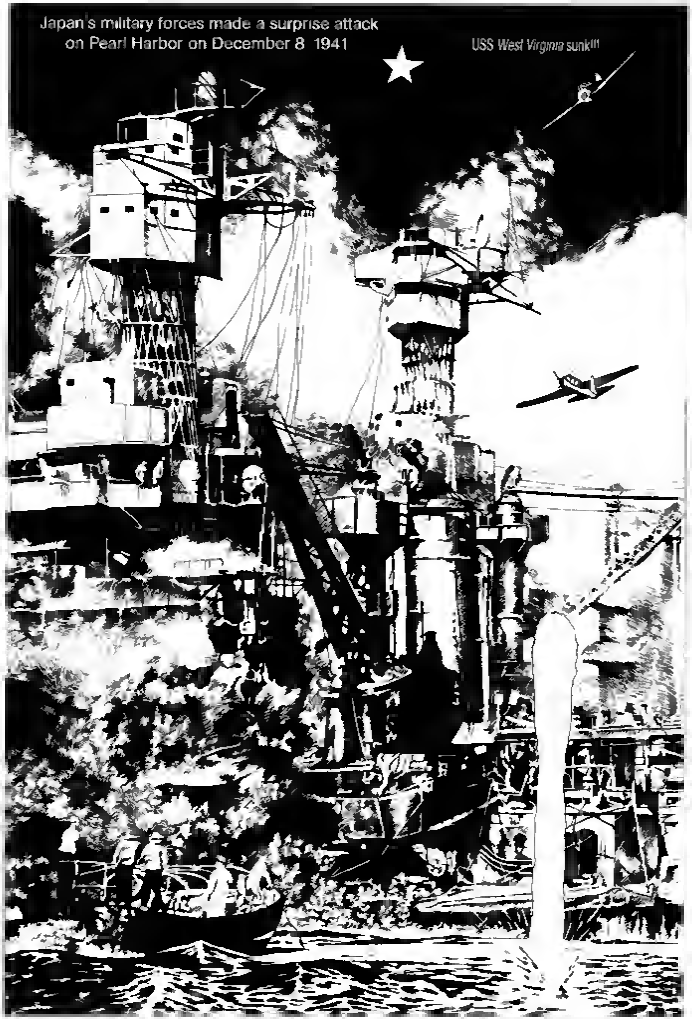

Gayle—There's no more time. Daddy has to leave now—sob! sob!
Hey c'mon—what's with the bawling? We're gonna miss the train.
Yes sweetheart
So you won't mention this, even if we run into each other some time down the road? Of course, by then I'll be back on top, with a new suit and everything
So you won't be ashamed of me
His not answering me meant he'd hold the damn thing over my head every chance he got. There's no excuse for such insolence.
huff huff
This I saw . . .

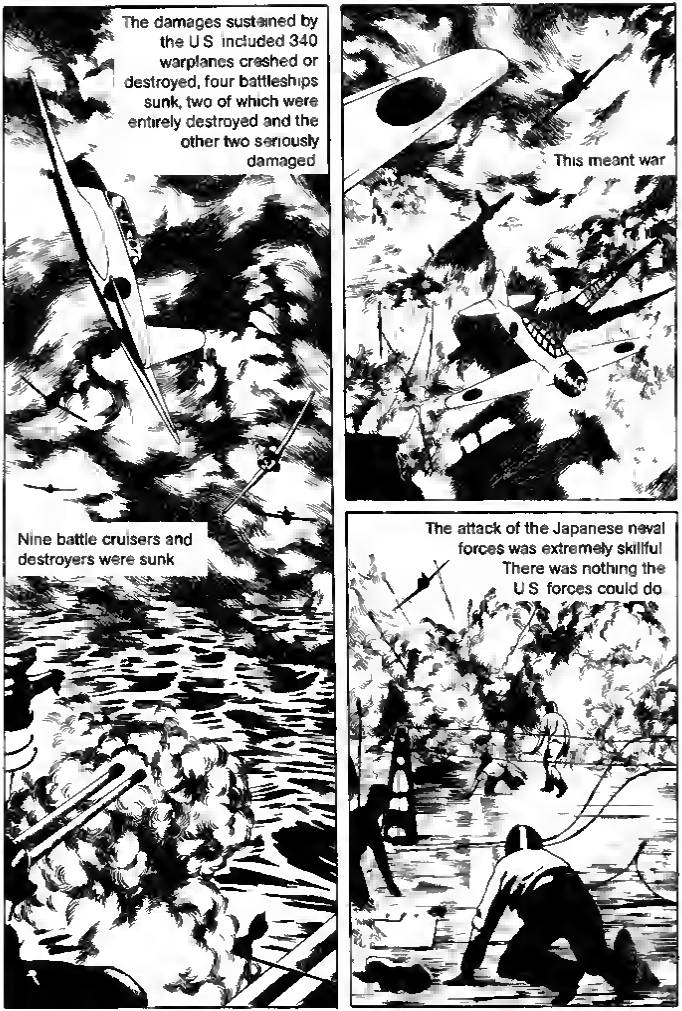
END

日本人の惑星

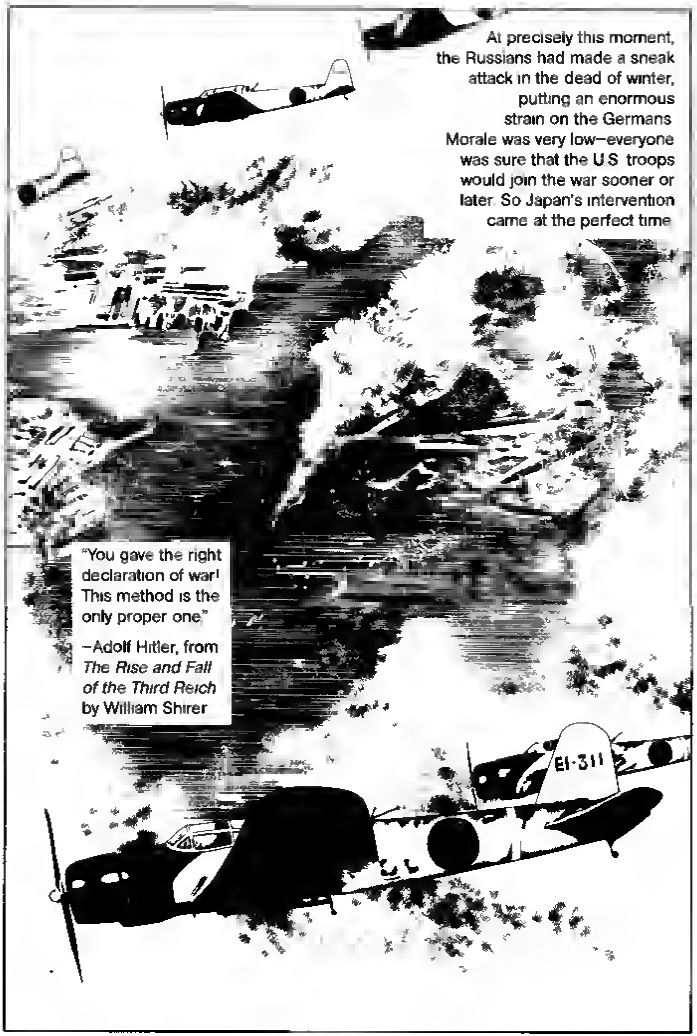
Planet of the Jap

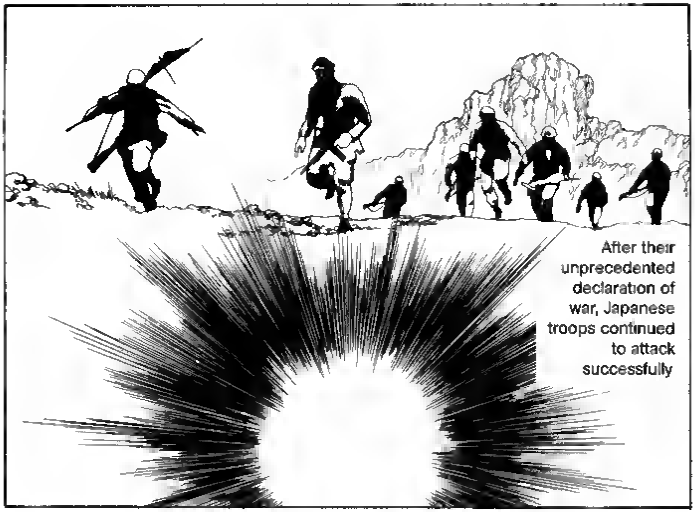
SUEHIRO MARUO

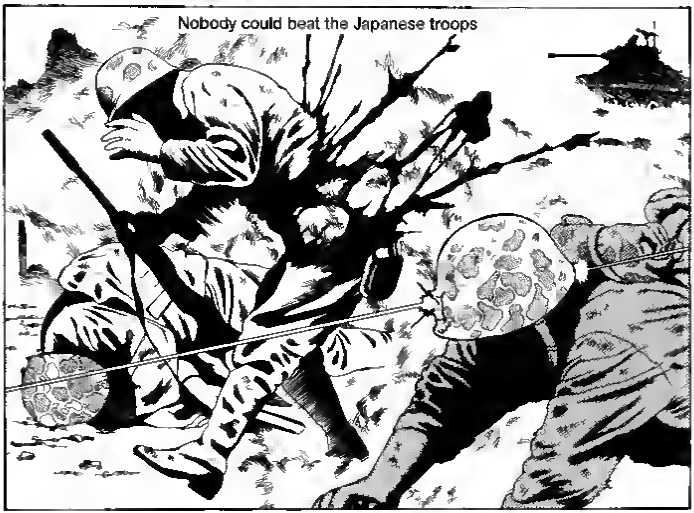

Japan's military forces made a surprise attack
on Pearl Harbor on December 8 1941
USS West Virginia sunk!!!


The damages sustained by the U S included 340 warplanes crashed or destroyed, four battleships sunk, two of which were entirely destroyed and the other two seriously damaged
Nine battle cruisers and destroyers were sunk
This meant war
The attack of the Japanese naval forces was extremely skillful There was nothing the U S forces could do

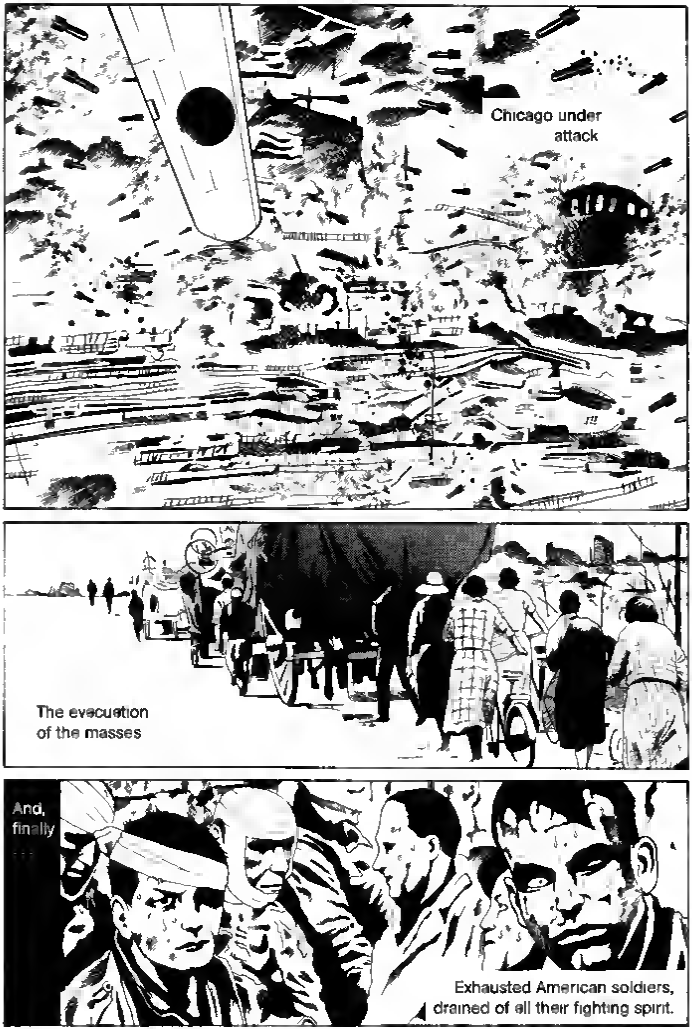
Oh!!
My God!
BANG


At precisely this moment, the Russians had made a sneak attack in the dead of winter, putting an enormous strain on the Germans. Morale was very low—everyone was sure that the U.S. troops would join the war sooner or later. So Japan's intervention came at the perfect time.
"You gave the right declaration of war! This method is the only proper one."
–Adolf Hitler, from *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* by William Shirer
E1-311

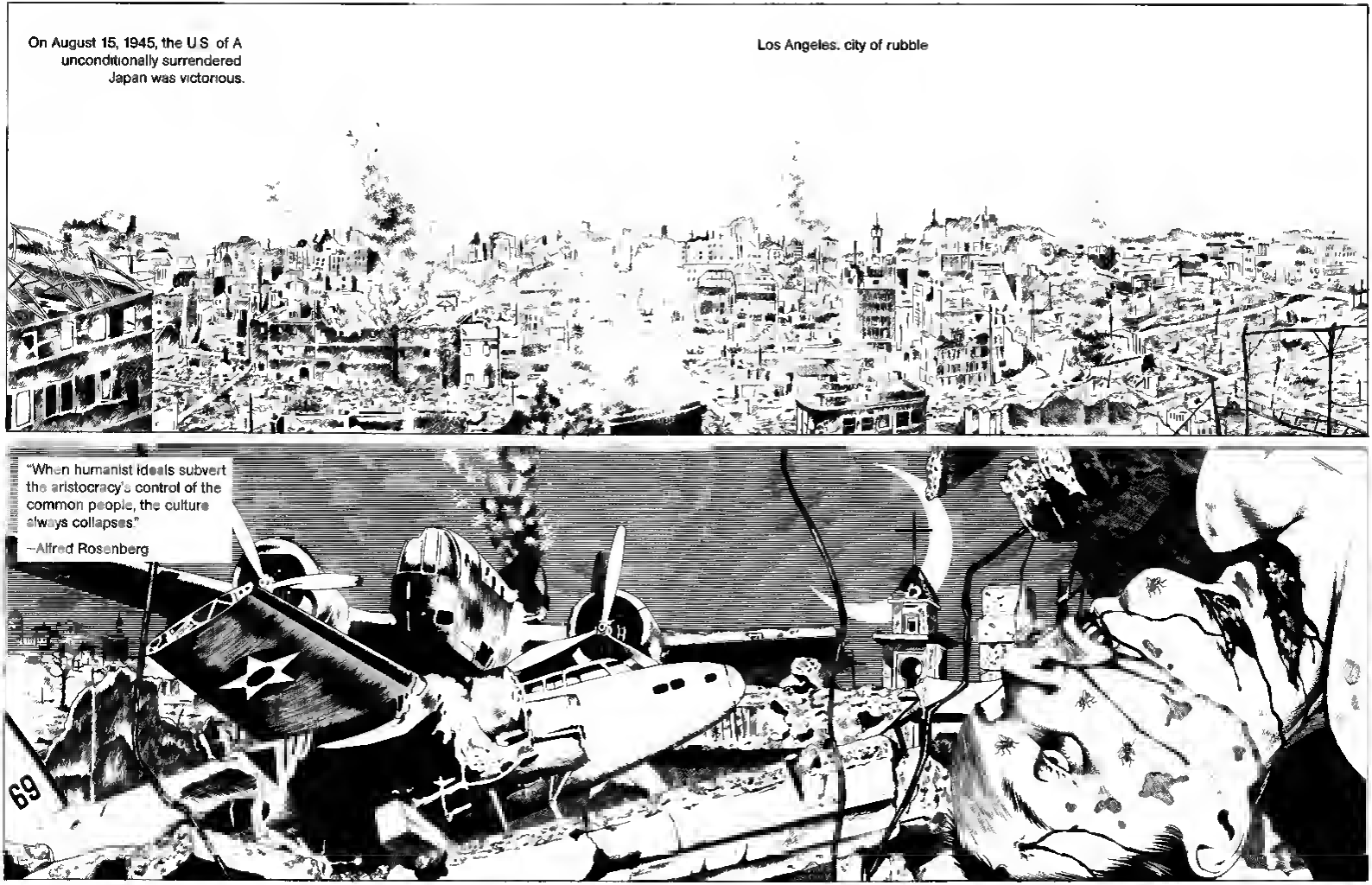

After their unprecedented declaration of war, Japanese troops continued to attack successfully


Nobody could beat the Japanese troops

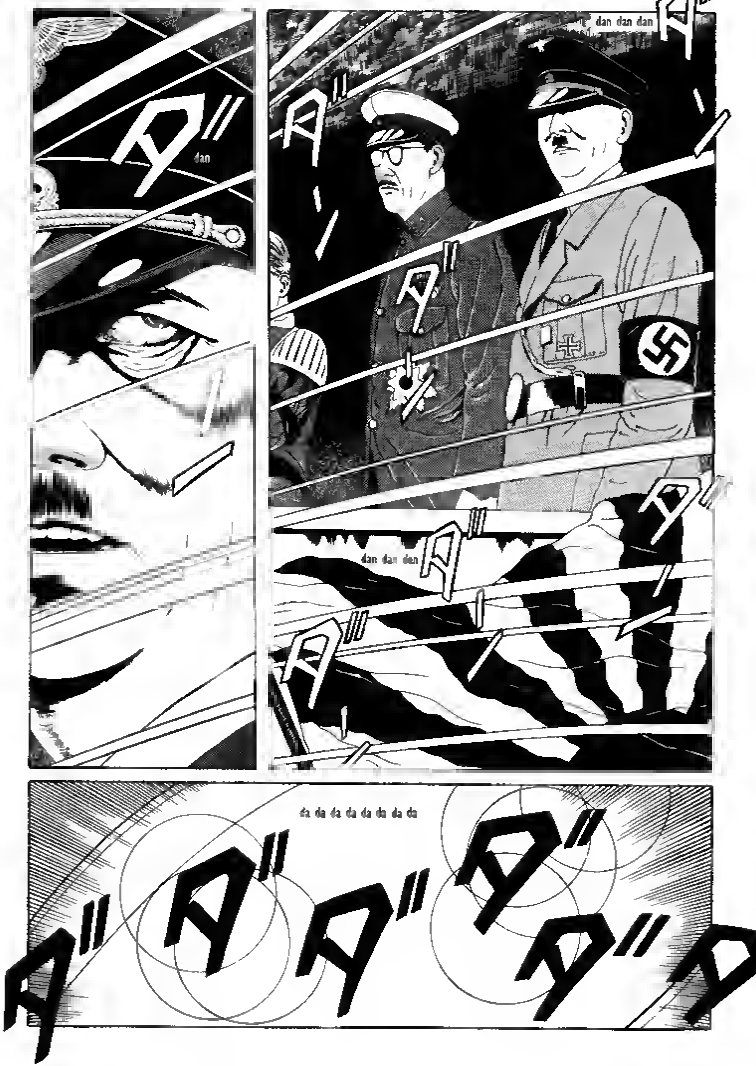
The Japanese died valiantly

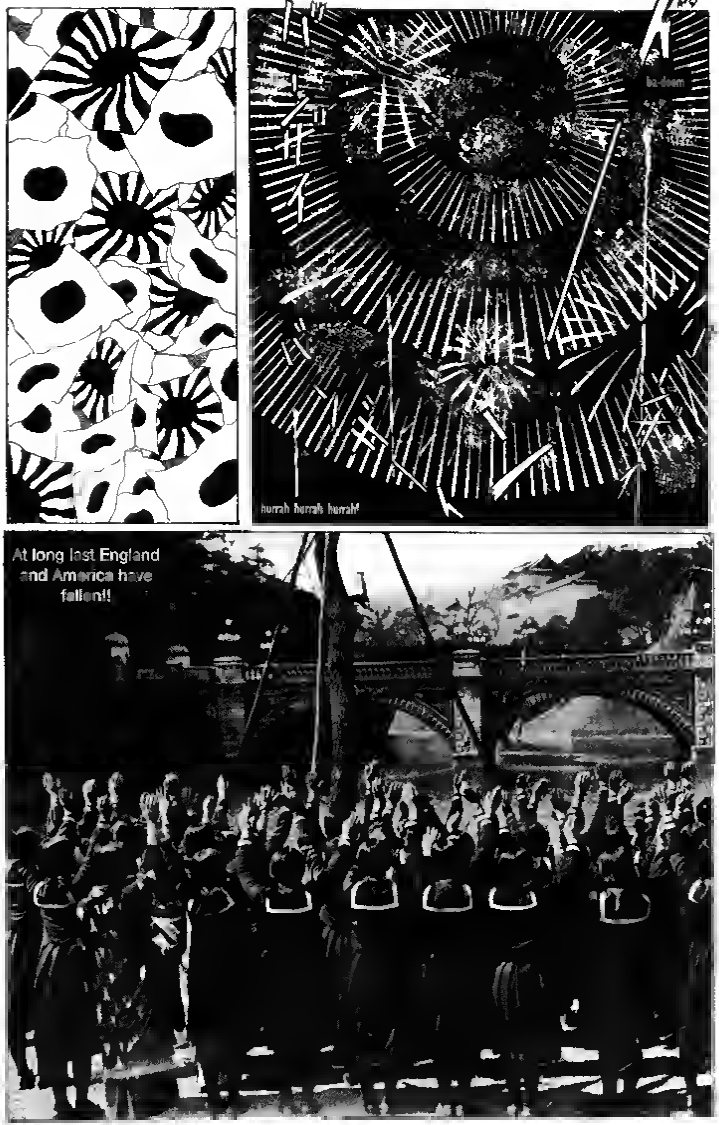

Chicago under attack
The evacuation of the masses
And, finally...
Exhausted American soldiers, drained of all their fighting spirit.

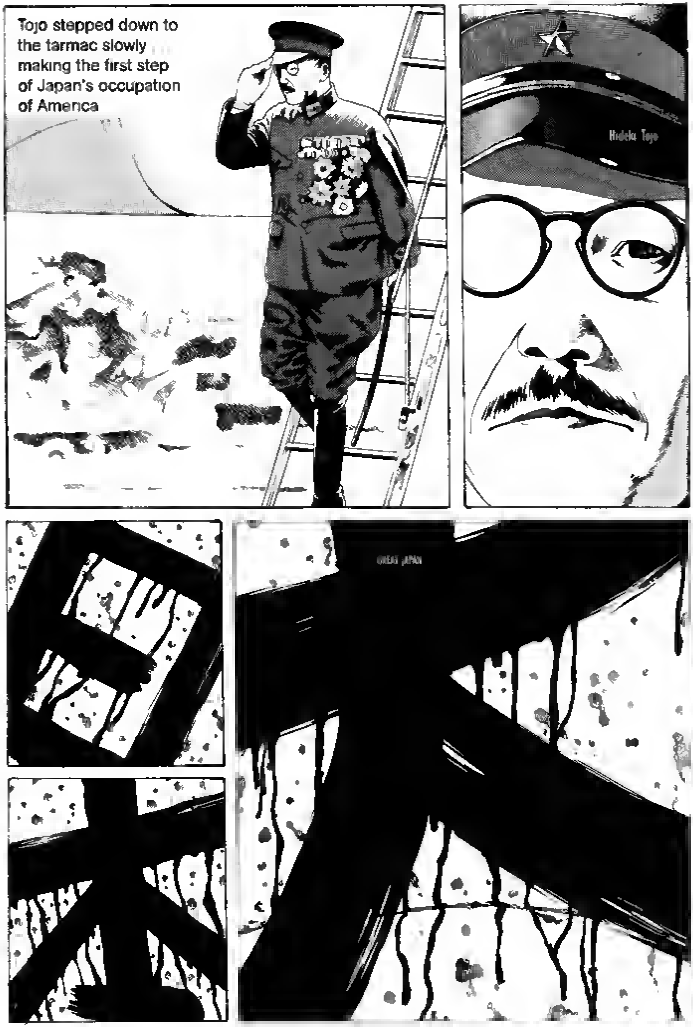
Then they dropped a second bomb on San Francisco.
On August 6, 1945, the Japanese military dropped an atomic bomb on Los Angeles.


On August 15, 1945, the U.S. of A unconditionally surrendered Japan was victorious.
Los Angeles. city of rubble
"When humanist ideals subvert the aristocracy's control of the common people, the culture always collapses"
–Alfred Rosenberg
69

In the allied country
of Germany, Hirohito's Youth
are marching in Berlin

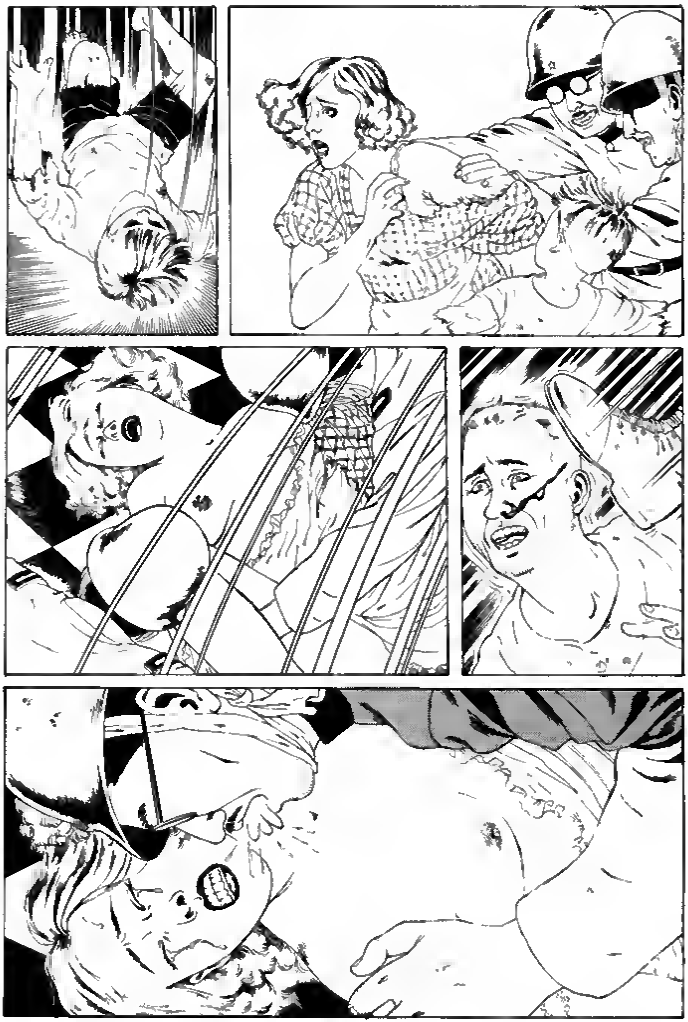

dan
dan dan dan
dan dan dan
da da da da da da da da

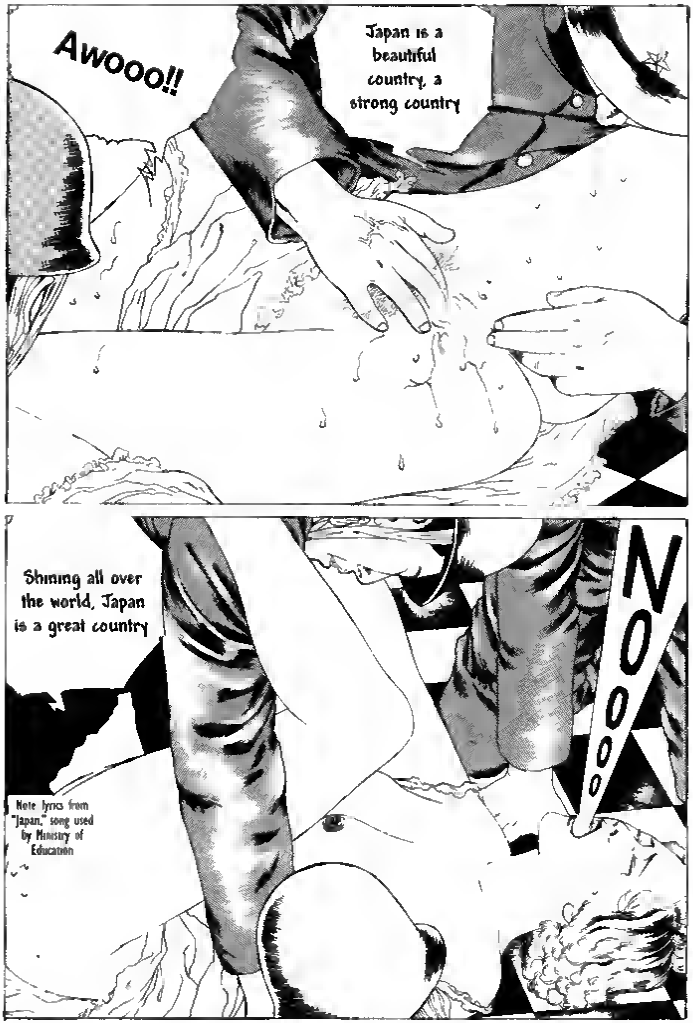

ba-doom
hurrah hurrah hurrah!
At long last England and America have fallen!!


Tojo stepped down to the tarmac slowly making the first step of Japan's occupation of America
Hideki Tojo

The Statue of Liberty is now just an ugly woman attacked by the plague
Hurrah death and destruction!!
GREAT JAPANESE EMPIRE !
大日本帝国

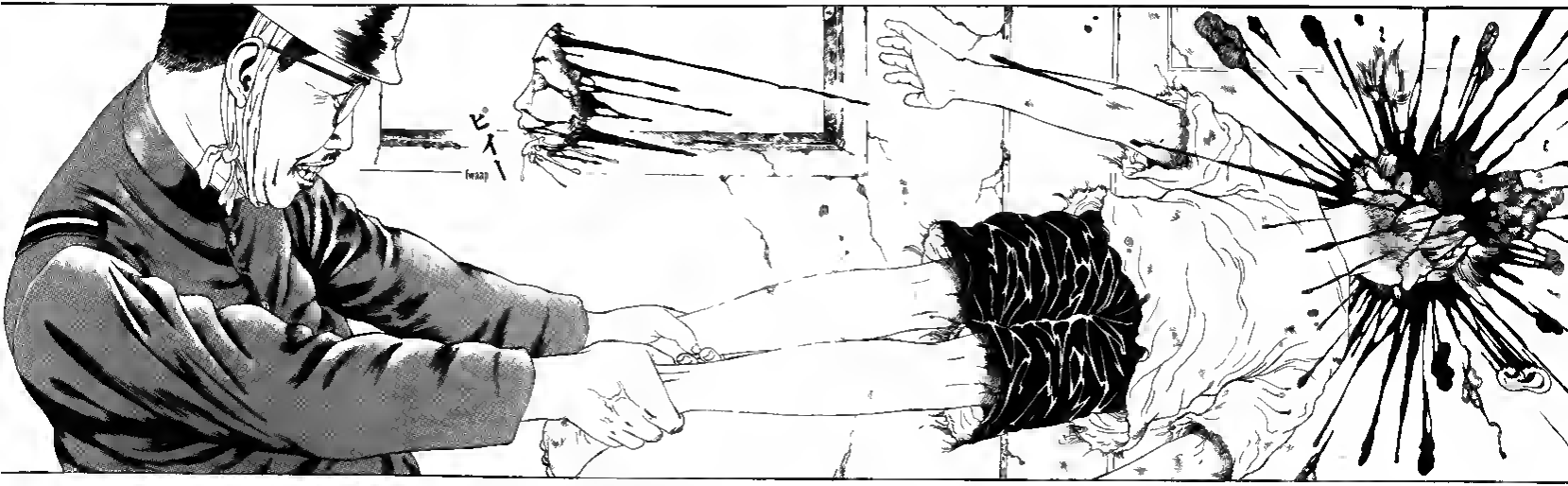
thomp
Hey Mommy you wanna suck on this?



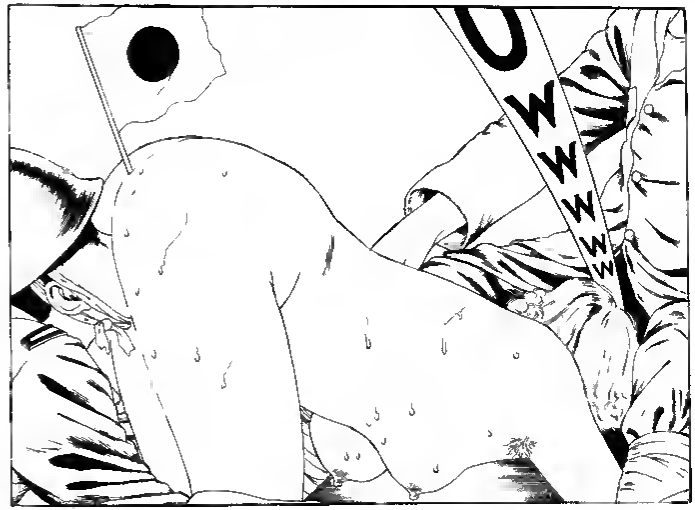

Awooo!!
Japan is a beautiful country, a strong country
Shining all over the world, Japan is a great country
Note: lyrics from "Japan," song used by Ministry of Education
NOOOO

Shut up
Stop that crying!!
Wahhoooo
Wah wah
wah wah
wah wah
Wah
Damn it!
Wah wah
zoop
ぬっ!!
nnngh

fhoop fhoop
Waahl!



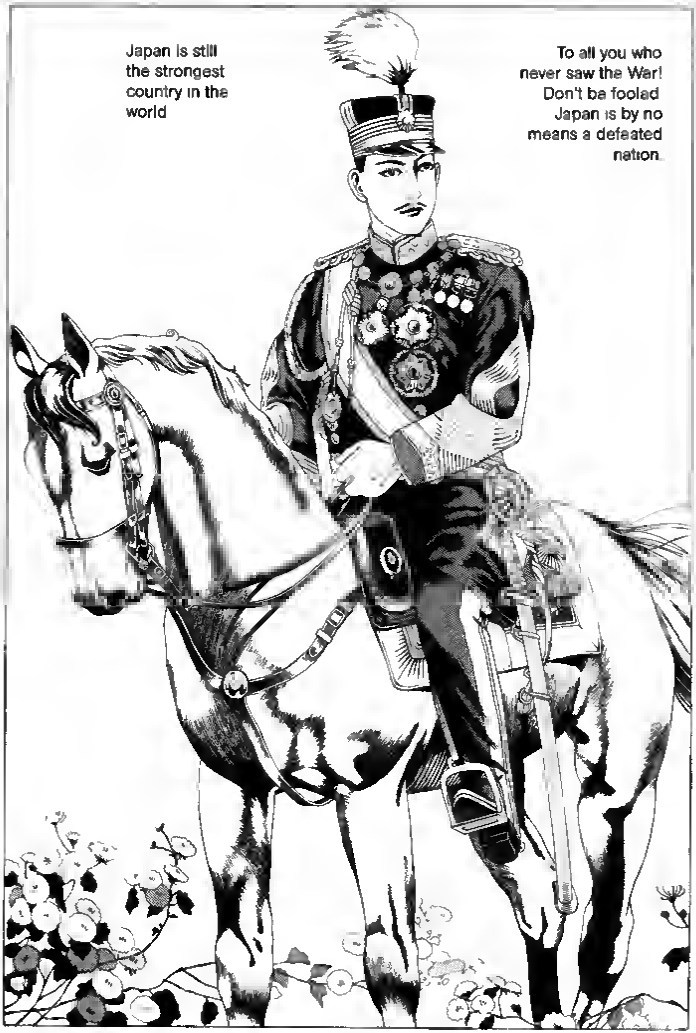
One year after the unconditional surrender, on September 3, 1946, at 4.15 p.m., Japanese occupation forces publicly executed General Douglas MacArthur in Washington, D.C.



Let him keep his sunglasses on.

ちえすとぉ!!
ssshwack

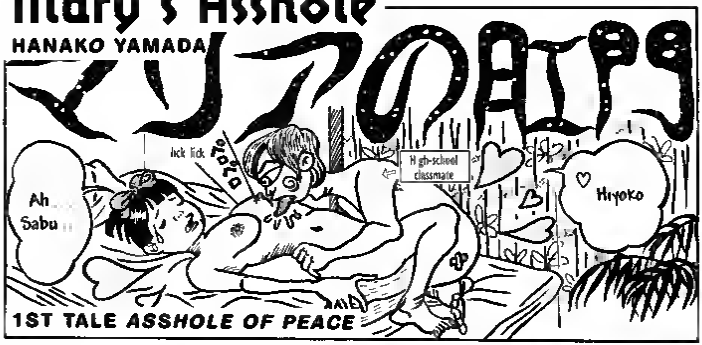
uuuhhhh
あっは～～～
throb throb throb
thunk

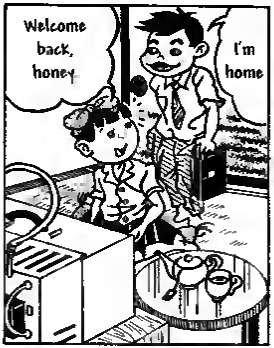

Japan is still the strongest country in the world
To all you who never saw the War! Don't be fooled Japan is by no means a defeated nation.

END

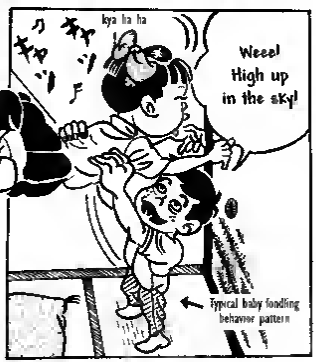
Mary's Asshole

HANAKO YAMADA





Have you noticed how everybody always feels like they have to fondle babies whenever they are around them?
Pattern #2
Peek-a-boo!
kya ha ha
Yoko, girl from Yokosuka



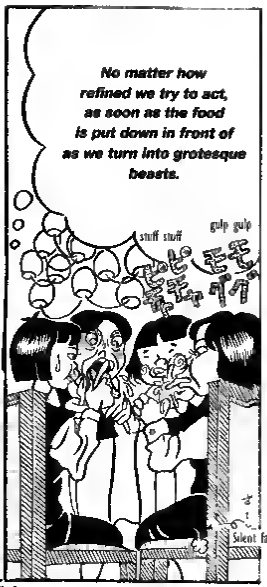
I don't even look at anyone but you, Akira
lick lick
You're sure? You're sure there's no one else?
lick lick
Tell me, Hiyoko— Am I the only one you love?
Of course!
Lying through her teeth
Actually, she took it out of a box and stuck it in the oven
yay!
Yes! See how hard I worked for you?
Wow— Looks great! Did you make all this yourself?
Don't talk such nonsense Please, let's have some dinner
Kemeko, my love
He's not listening
duh
clatter clatter
So what? The world is good because there are two sides to every coin
Pop-star Kemeko
These sweet-looking pop-star types usually turn out to be incredibly crass

Mary's Asshole
マリアの肛門
2ND TALE
WHY, I'D LIKE TO . . .
June, would you like to go to lunch?
Sure.
Lunch time already.
and jam it in her eye- what would happen?
mya ha ha
YOW!
Now, if I were to grab this bitch's cigarette . . .
What are you doing!?

Her lunch looks better than mine ...
Dig in!
Good Lord, what a terrible thought.
I'm not eating this slop!
blop blop
Hmphh— This isn't so great.
nyumm
Hey, I want yours—take mine!!
zoop zoop
Why worry about it?
But I honestly enjoy having these thoughts.
Who cares!
Behave yourself.
Great!
How's yours?
I have to stop imagining these things.

マリアの肛門
Mary's Asshole
3RD TALE
PEARLS BEFORE SWINE
フランス料理
FRENCH CUISINE
Lunch break
Lunch time! Today's pay day—let's go someplace nice.
Good idea Let's go!
I'll have the filet of fish with white-wine sauce and asparagus.
I'll have the salmon soufflé
We'll have the mussels as an appetizer
Wow! Looks delicious!
Let's eat!
There're all going to share

A pack of vulgar pigs
myumm
myumm
gyumm
gyumm
nyum nyum
nyar nyar


No matter how refined we try to act, as soon as the food is put down in front of us we turn into grotesque beasts.
stuff stuff
gulp gulp
Silent fart

Listen to these arrogant pigs carrying on like human beings. Have they no shame?
No, they're pigs
kiss

Absolutely!
How about from now on we eat at a four-star restaurant once a month?

We simply must do this again
That was so delicious

マリアの肛門
Mary's Asshole
4TH TALE
THE FACE OF ANOTHER
Thank you
Yes
Yes
I see—
Yes
Please do so
Yes
I'm sooo bored. Won't this day ever end?
Blah Blah
Blah Blah
If you take a good look at the human face, it starts to look just like a rubber mask. It makes me sick.

モゾ
wiggle
モゾ
wiggle
モゾ
wiggle
モゾ
wiggle
I'm the only human being here
shudder
げえ
blahghh
Mooaan
flah flah
HA! You— The Creature!
Don't be ashamed— I'm your friend.
God, I'm sorry
Junko— Are you all right?

Mary's Asshole
5TH TALE LIBERATION EYEDROPS
This is the best stuff on the market, Miss.
I need some soothing eye drops
DRUG STORE
heh heh
My eyes are so tired
pnch
Eeek- Who is this bum!?
bzzz
umm
Hiya, Junko! Been waitin' for ya!
bzzz
Good-looking guy
I'm going to go see my new boy-friend
"Liberation Eye-drops"? What an odd name
pink

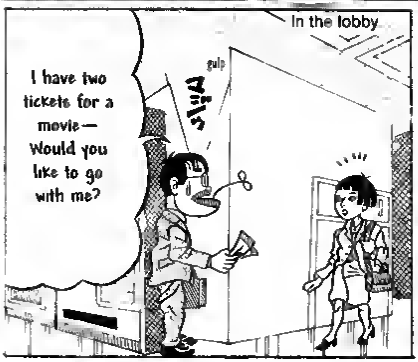
grash
grash
銀座
GINZA
Where on earth am I?
flutter
Soulless ghosts
woof
Junko, what's wrong?
Here's your pay
Great
Boss
Don't come any closer, you monsters!!
Huh ?!
Next morning
shuffle
YAAAA!!!
Good morning, Junko
shuffle
By evening, Junko's vision was restored (as well as her week's pay, thank goodness)
Now I see! These eyedrops really "open your eyes" for 24 hours
I can't believe I worked so hard for this crap!
What—?! Nothing but shells and dead leaves??!!
flutter
flutter

Mary's Asshole
6TH TALE EYE TO EYE
That stuff is nothing but bubblegum music, isn't it?
Michael Jackson
Gives her friends wacky nicknames (Spare me)
Hey Junkster! What are you listening to?
Walkman
Liberaben Eyedrops
pink
When I get depressed, my eyes always start to ache.
Now I have to feel ashamed of the music I listen to.
Of course
Is it? Is that right?

What on earth!?
WHAT !?
goo goo
scrape
scrape
She's strong and has lots of allies. If I confront her face to face, there's no way I can win.
clomp clomp
Now I see—I've been made a fool of by that shit-stained baby.
grrr
I always thought she was such a hip, fashionable woman, but she's actually just a big baby.
You're the coward—you always have to get your way by intimidating everyone!
goo goo
Who did this!? Show your face, coward!
WHA–
snap!

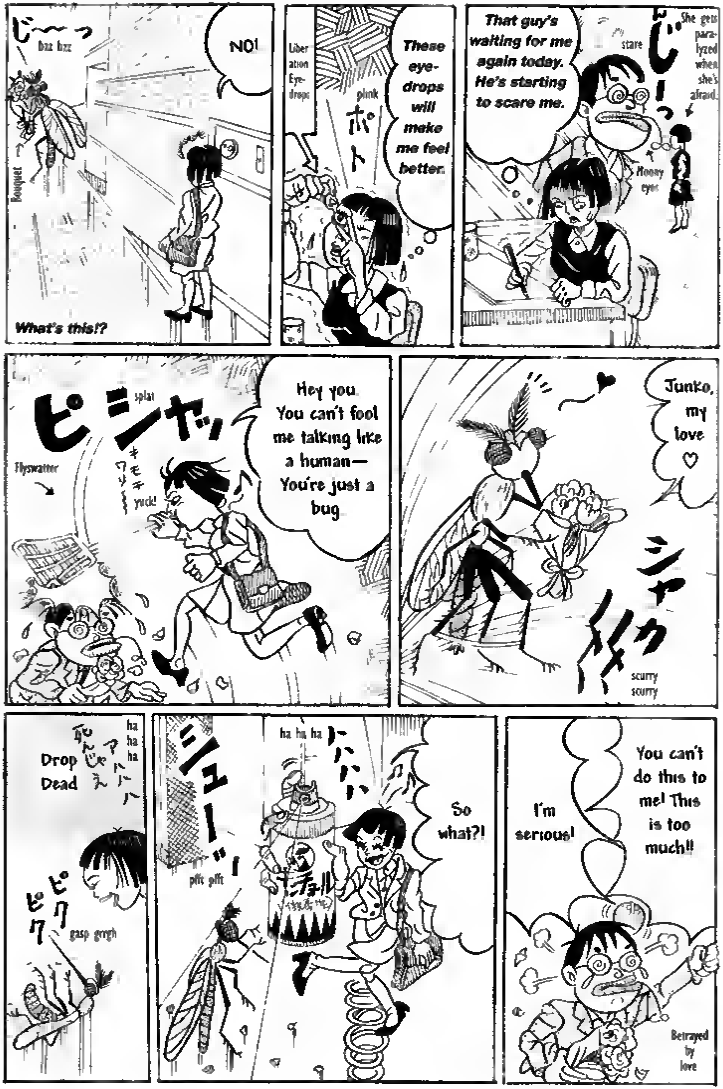
I'm right too, you know!

Mary's Asshole
7TH TALE PERSISTENCE
DOESN'T PAY OFF
yaah!


In the lobby
I have two tickets for a movie—Would you like to go with me?
gulp
ドキッ

She receives a passionate love letter
Dear Junko
Though I have to admit I'm no great shakes, nobody can love you as much as I. I would gladly die for you!
Yours
Nakamura
Sales Department

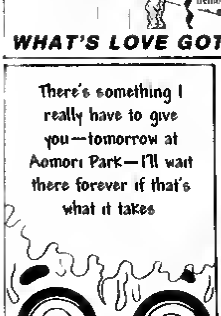
Let me know when you're free—I'll always be waiting!
sigh
I can't—tomorrow's a very hectic day
I'll be busy for quite some time
Then what about the day after tomorrow?
Then how about tomorrow?
enough
I feel bad, but he's not my type.
Sorry, I'm real busy today

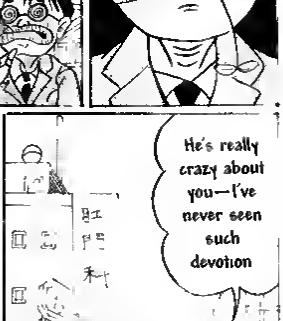

じ〜〜っ
buz buz
NO!
Bouquet
What's this!?
Uber ation Eye-drops
plink
ポト
These eye-drops will make me feel better.
That guy's waiting for me again today. He's starting to scare me.
じ〜っ
stare
She gets paralyzed when she's afraid.
Mommy eyes
ピシャッ
splat
Flyswatter
キモチ ワリ〜
yuck!
Hey you. You can't fool me talking like a human— You're just a bug.
Junko, my love ♡
シャク シャク
scurry scurry
Drop Dead
ha ha ha
ぬんじゃえ
アハハハ
ピク ピク
gasp gergh
シュー
pfft pfft
ha ha ha
ハハハ
So what?!
I'm serious!
You can't do this to me! This is too much!!
Betrayed by love

Mary's Asshole

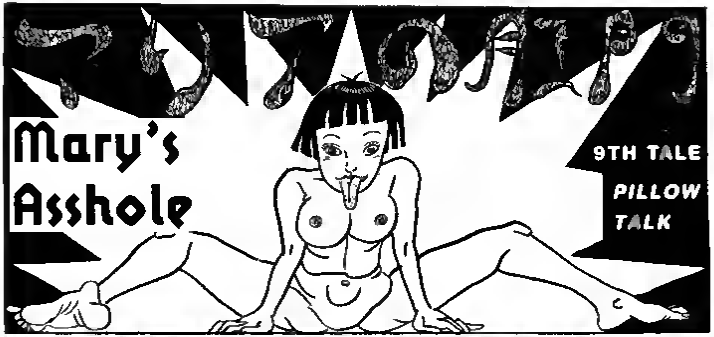
8TH TALE

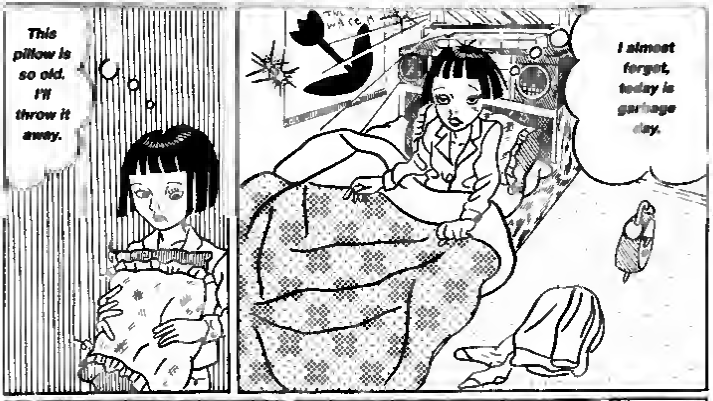
WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT?

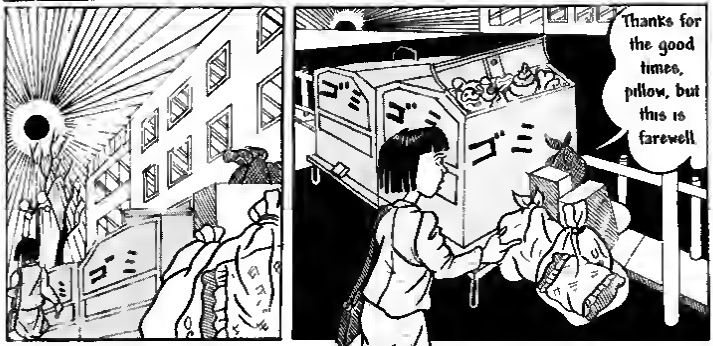




Junko! I love you!
NO!
Oil portrait
It took me a whole month. I thought of nothing but you while painting it.
ker slam
バニッ
Idiot! Do you think this little thing is going to make me fall head over heels for you?!!
crunch
crunch
グ
ニャ
This is what I think of your picture!
And how do you like this?
ha ha ha
ウヒャヒャヒャヒャヒャ
WHIZ
ジョロジョロ
This is too much!
Shit in your pants and drop dead, you son of a bitch!
エーン
エーン
argh


Mary's Asshole
9TH TALE
PILLOW TALK


This pillow is so old. I'll throw it away.
I almost forget, today is garbage day.


ゴミ
ゴミ
ゴミ
Thanks for the good times, pillow, but this is farewell

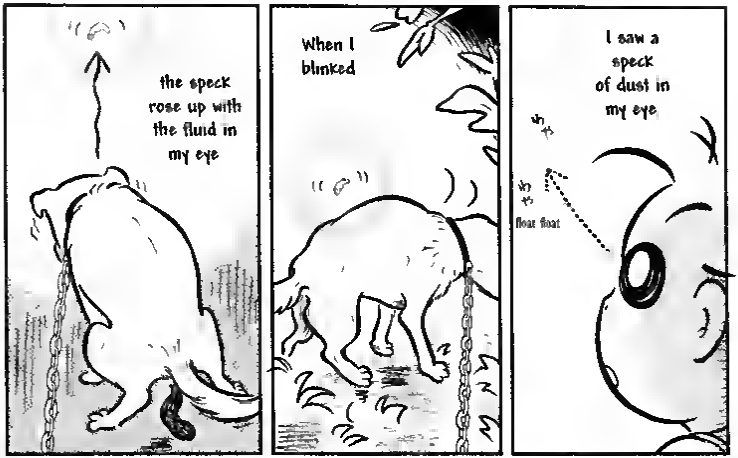
How dare you throw me away
I'll haunt you forever
Ah, my little pillow!
グスン
While at work...
puff
puff
Hey! Where do you think you're off to in the middle of the day?
But I can't get it out of my mind!
dash
More catastrophes in Africa, Iraq, the Soviet Union...
I must be crazy— worrying about such a ridiculous thing.
There's a good girl
Right now this pillow means more to me than anything.
stench
stroke
stroke
I'm sorry— Forgive me. I'll never throw you away again!
ゴミ
Good, it's still here.
What on earth am I doing?
END

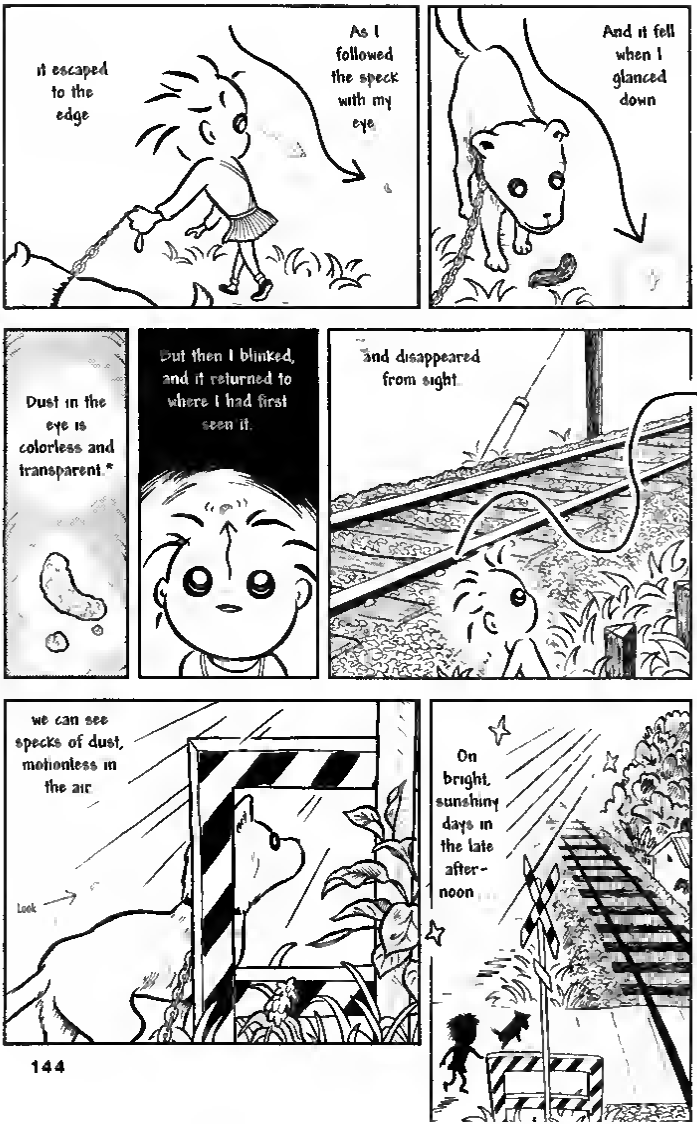
ボルボックス

Voluox

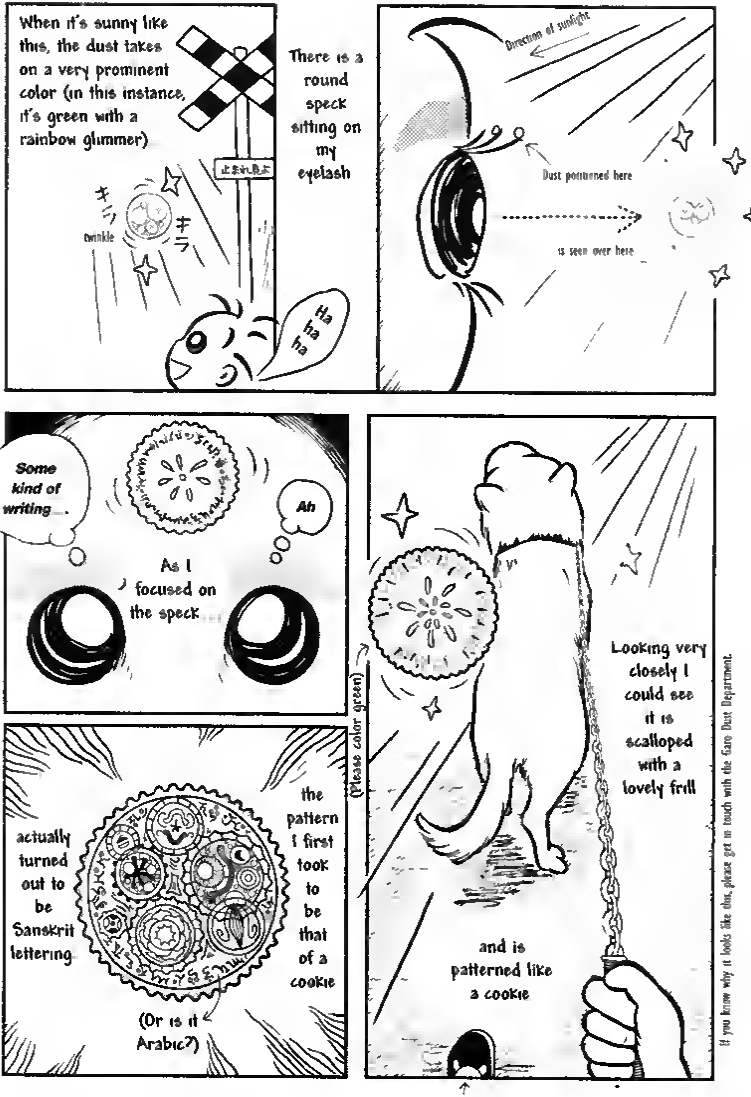
PAN MIGIWA

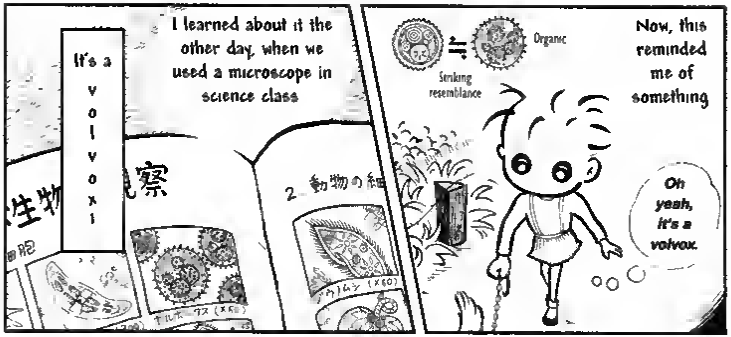
みぎわパン

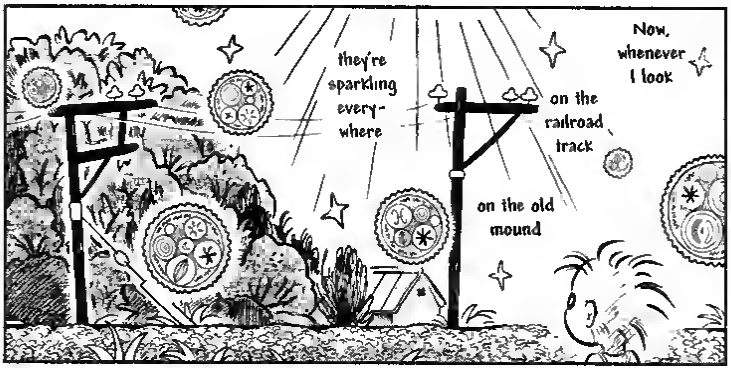


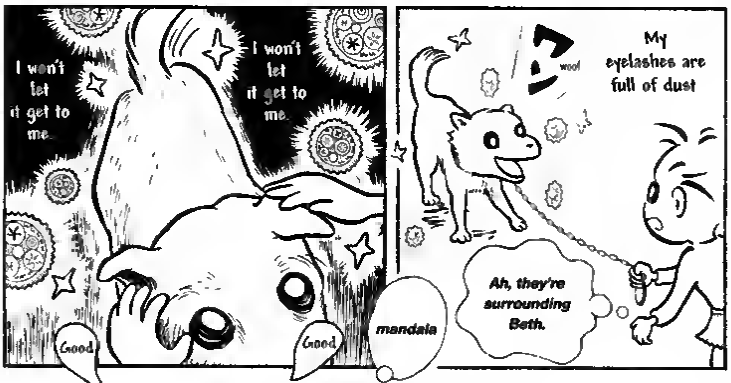

It escaped to the edge
As I followed the speck with my eye
And it fell when I glanced down
Dust in the eye is colorless and transparent.*
But then I blinked, and it returned to where I had first been it.
and disappeared from sight.
We can see specks of dust, motionless in the air.
Look
On bright, sunshiny days in the late afternoon

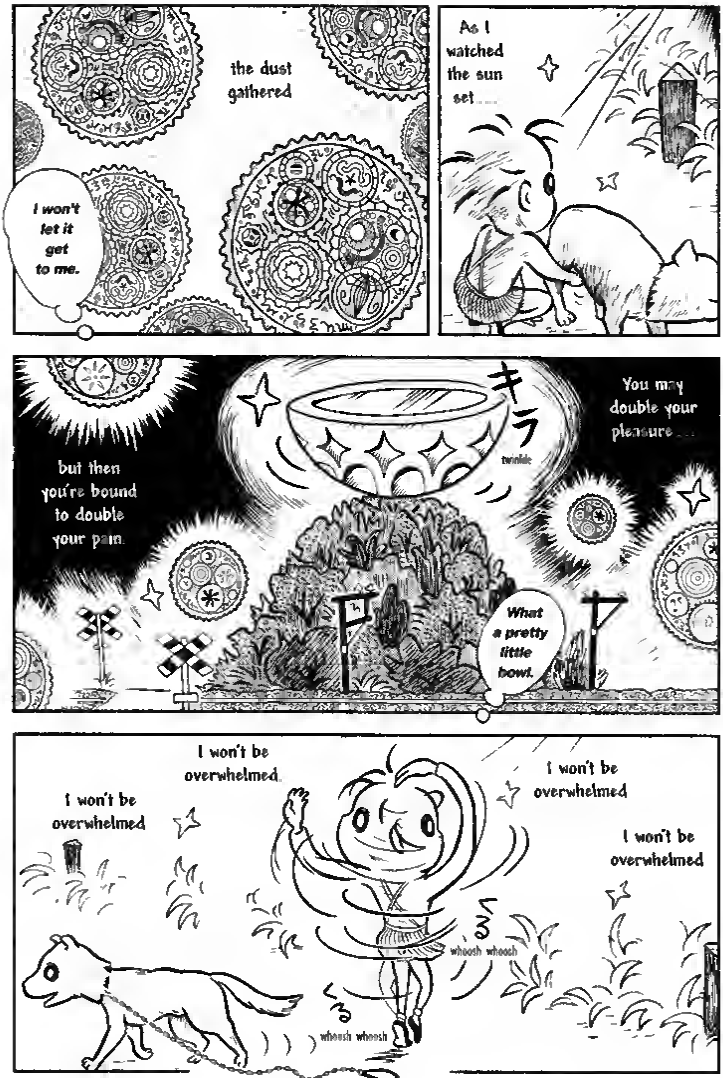
*(Just like how you'd see it in a microscope.)


When it's sunny like this, the dust takes on a very prominent color (in this instance, it's green with a rainbow glimmer)
There is a round speck sitting on my eyelash
twinkle
Ha ha ha
Direction of sunlight
Dust patterned here
is seen over here
Some kind of writing...
Ah
As I focused on the speck...
(Please color green)
Looking very closely I could see it is scalloped with a lovely frill
and is patterned like a cookie
actually turned out to be Sanskrit lettering
the pattern I first took to be that of a cookie
(Or is it Arabic?)
If you know why it looks like this, please get in touch with the Eyelash Dust Department.
Foot
Hand


It's a volvox!
I learned about it the other day, when we used a microscope in science class
Organic
Striking resemblance
Now, this reminded me of something
Oh yeah, it's a volvox.


Now, whenever I look
they're sparkling everywhere
on the railroad track
on the old mound


I won't let it get to me.
I won't let it get to me.
Good
Good
mandala
wool
My eyelashes are full of dust
Ah, they're surrounding Beth.


the dust gathered
I won't let it get to me.
As I watched the sun set....
You may double your pleasure....
but then you're bound to double your pain.
キラ
twinkle
What a pretty little bowl.
I won't be overwhelmed.
I won't be overwhelmed
I won't be overwhelmed
I won't be overwhelmed
whoosh whoosh
whoosh whoosh

END

BIGGER and BETTER

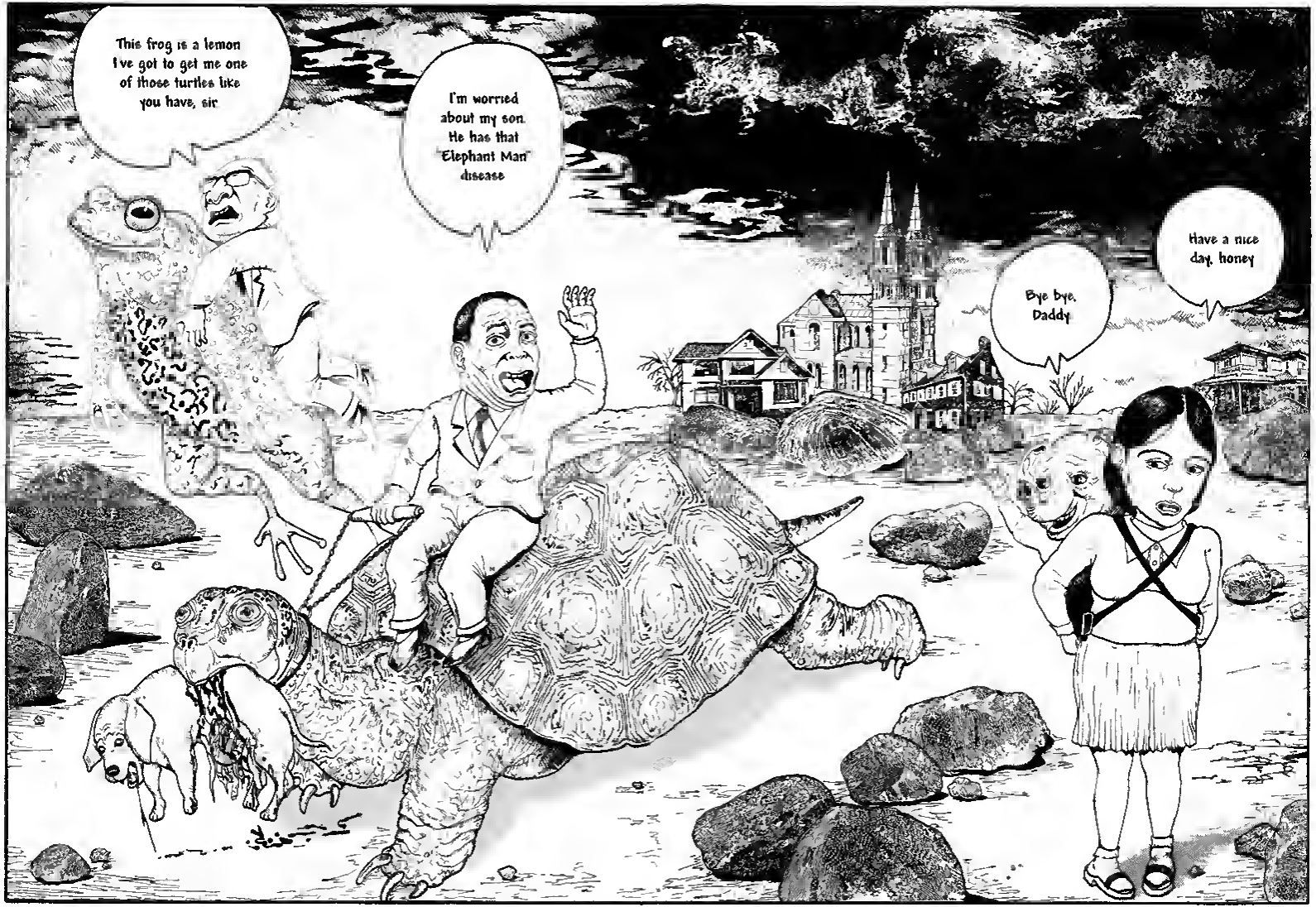
超大型四齣漫画

Bigger and Better

MUDDY WEHARA

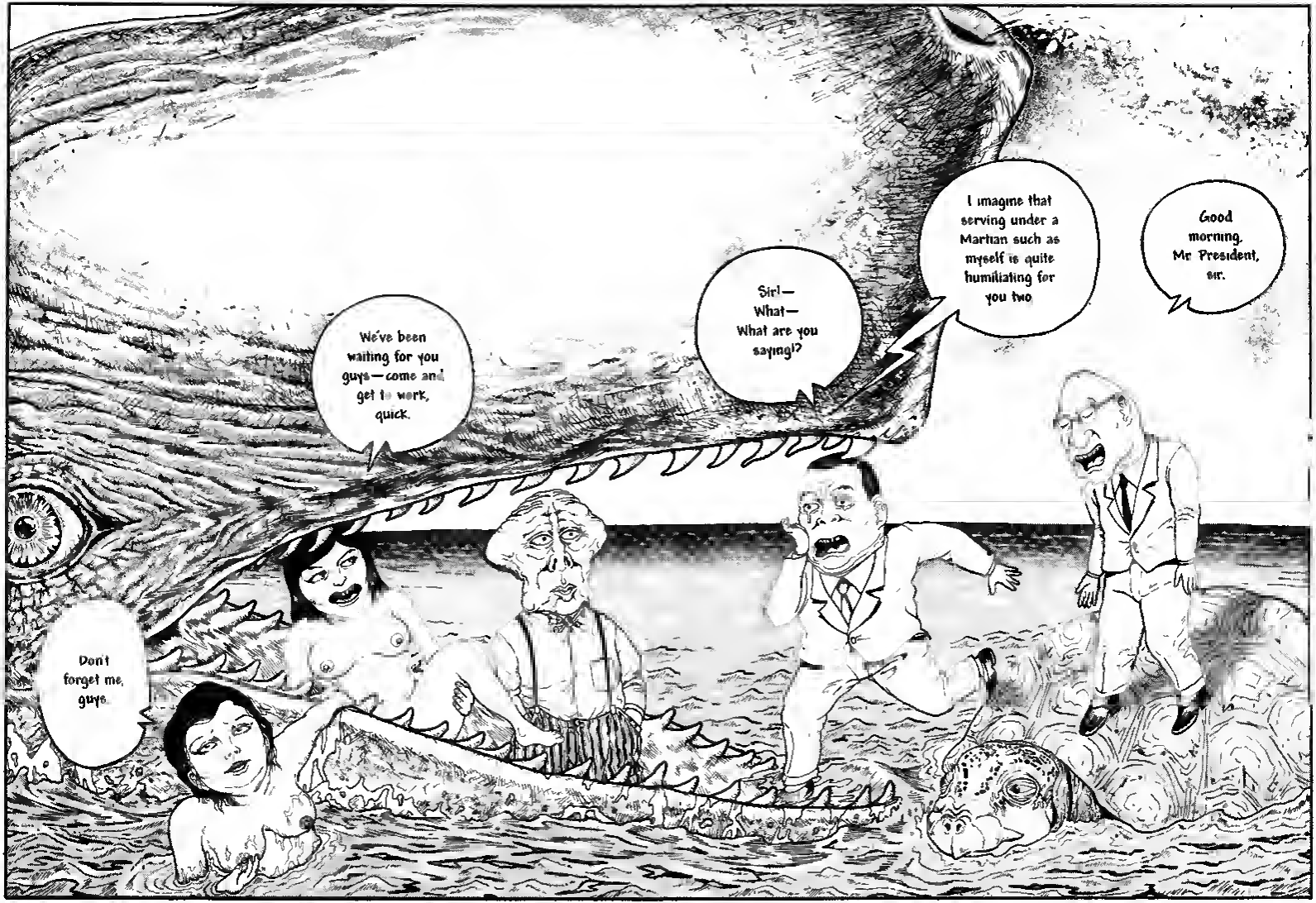
ULTRA-LARGE FOUR-FRAME MANGA, PART ONE

マディ・上原


This frog is a lemon I've got to get me one of those turtles like you have, sir
I'm worried about my son. He has that "Elephant Man" disease
Bye bye, Daddy
Have a nice day, honey

Quite a few snakes, huh?
OUCH
You see why this frog is no good?

Pardon me, sir
Don't mention it The office is just up ahead


Good morning, Mr President, sir.
I imagine that serving under a Martian such as myself is quite humiliating for you two
Sir!— What— What are you saying!?
We've been waiting for you guys—come and get to work, quick.
Don't forget me, guys.

Banana

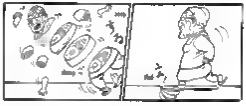
◆1

Passing a banana peel
on the street.

Avoiding a banana peel and
falling down anyway

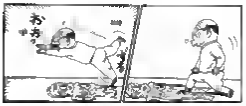
Stepping on a banana peel
and falling down

◆4



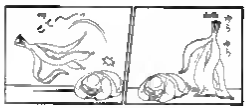
Old woman whose body when sliced reveals
an old man slips on a banana peel

◆3



Old man slips
on an old woman peel

◆2



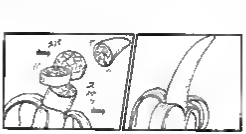
Banana peel slips
on an old woman.

Slice an old man anywhere
reveal bananas

Old woman peels banana—
eats peel

Peel a banana and
out comes an old woman.

Old man and old woman pass
each other on the street.



Wherever banana is sliced
an old woman is revealed

Peel an old woman and
out comes a banana.

Old man and old woman in
ménage à trois with banana peel

Wherever old woman is sliced
an old man is revealed

Peel an old man and
out comes an old woman.

BIGGER and BETTER

超大型四齣漫画

Bigger and Better

MUDDY WEHARA

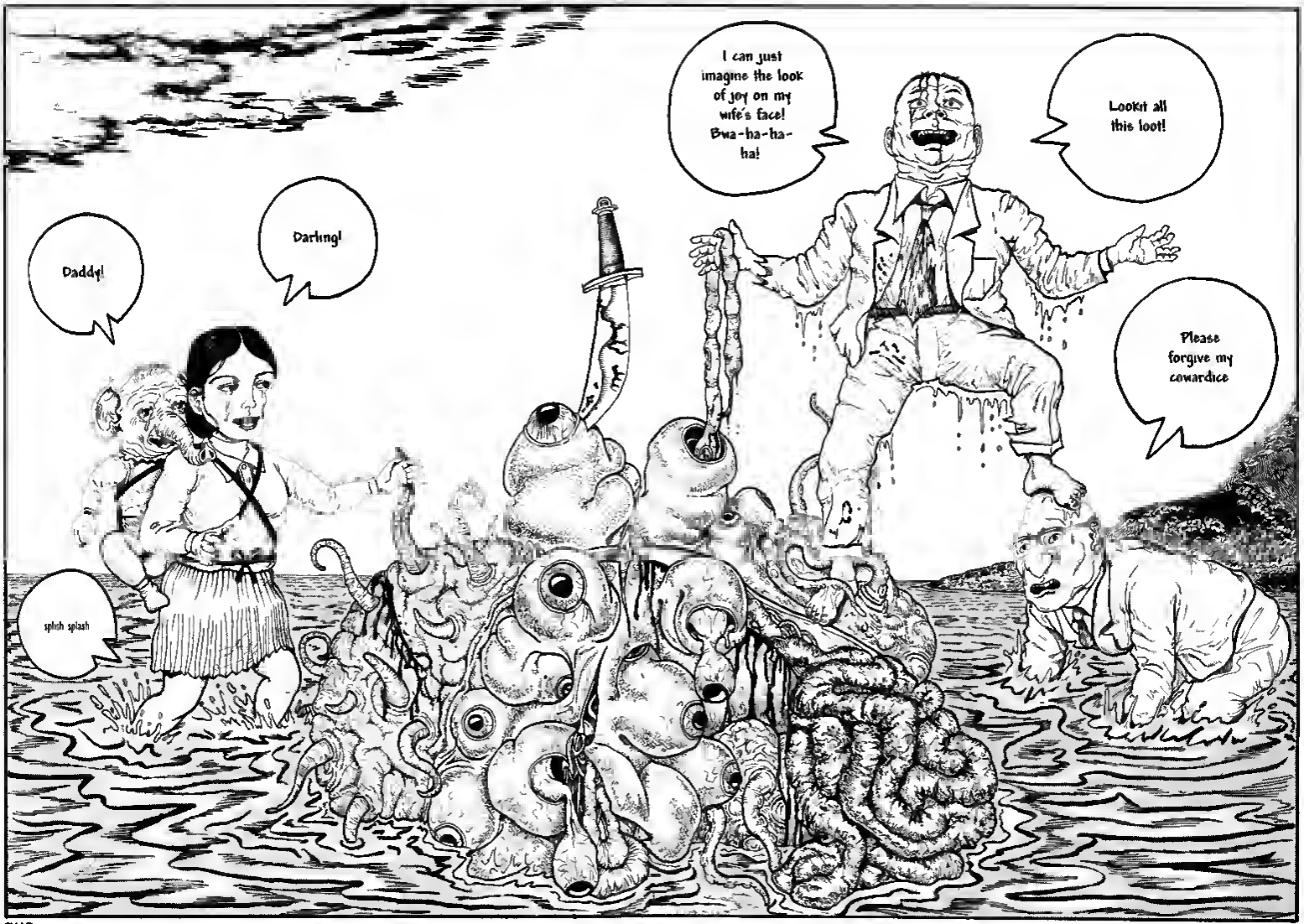
ULTRA-LARGE FOUR-FRAME MANGA, PART TWO

マディ・上原

It's not only work—owing to unavoidable circumstances, this is something I HAVE to do
Chief Director, sir—even if this is, as you say, work-related, I don't see how you could—

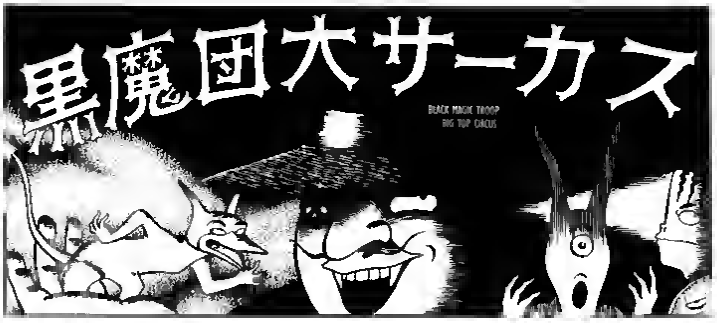
Here it comes— infernal begetter of original sin!
It's impossible— Aruugh!! This, this smell!
gurgle gurgle bubble gurgle bubble gurgle

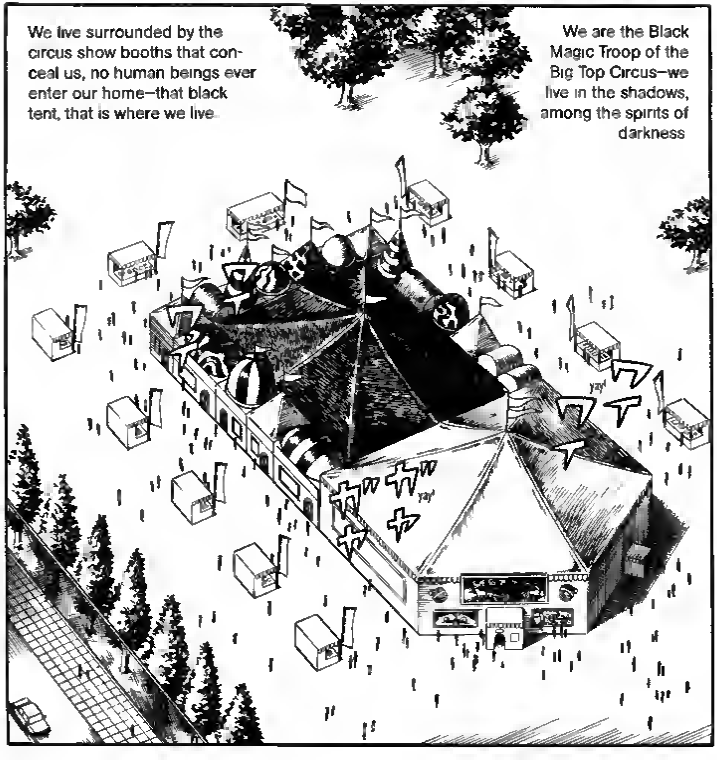
ngyubyurru
rurubyururu
ryrarururu
Betrayer! Traitor!
Out of my way!
No, stop!
nzabaza!
Jababa!


I can just imagine the look of joy on my wife's face! Bwa-ha-ha-ha!
Look at all this loot!
Daddy!
Darling!
Please forgive my cowardice
splish splash

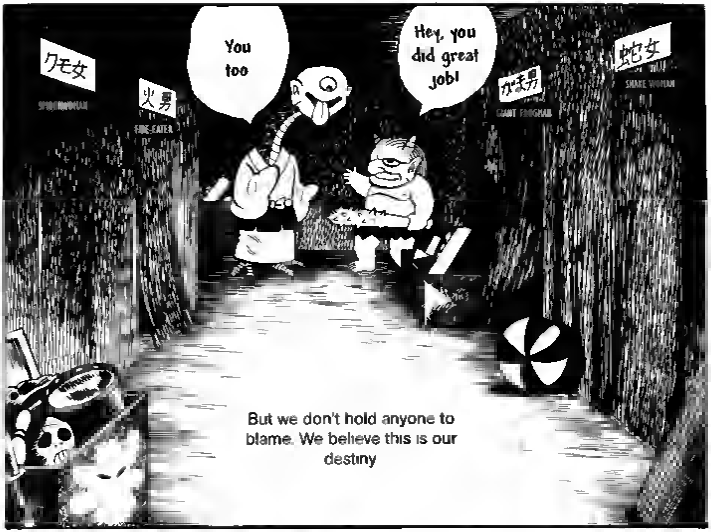
Laughing Ball

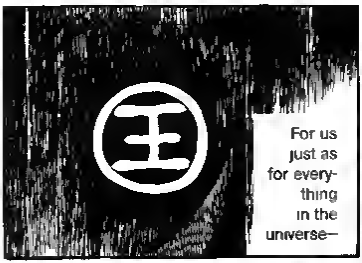
HIDESHI HINO


黒魔団大サーカス
BLACK MAGIC TROOP
BIG TOP CIRCUS


We live surrounded by the circus show booths that conceal us, no human beings ever enter our home—that black tent, that is where we live.
We are the Black Magic Troop of the Big Top Circus—we live in the shadows, among the spirits of darkness

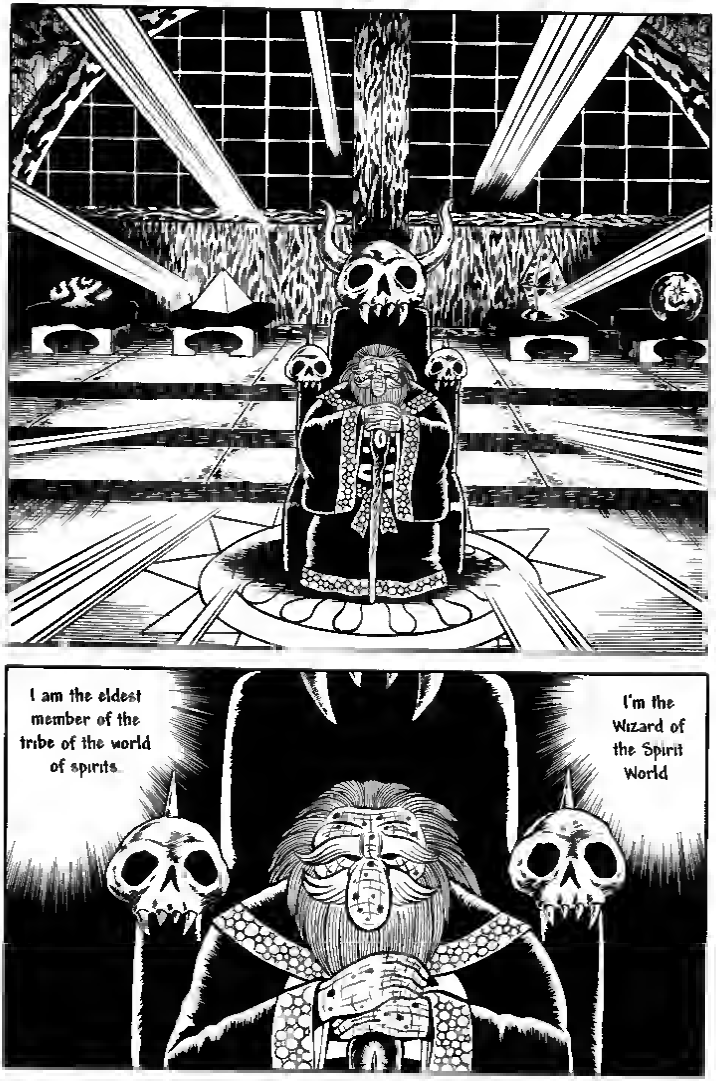
The world of darkness we live in is on the verge of extinction.
BLACK MAGIC TROOP
黒魔団大サーカス
But then human beings came along and began to take control over this world
魔術館
怪奇ハウス
A long time ago the spirits who lived in this dark world were prosperous.
and thus began our history of persecution and our downfall
大怪ショー
恐怖演芸場

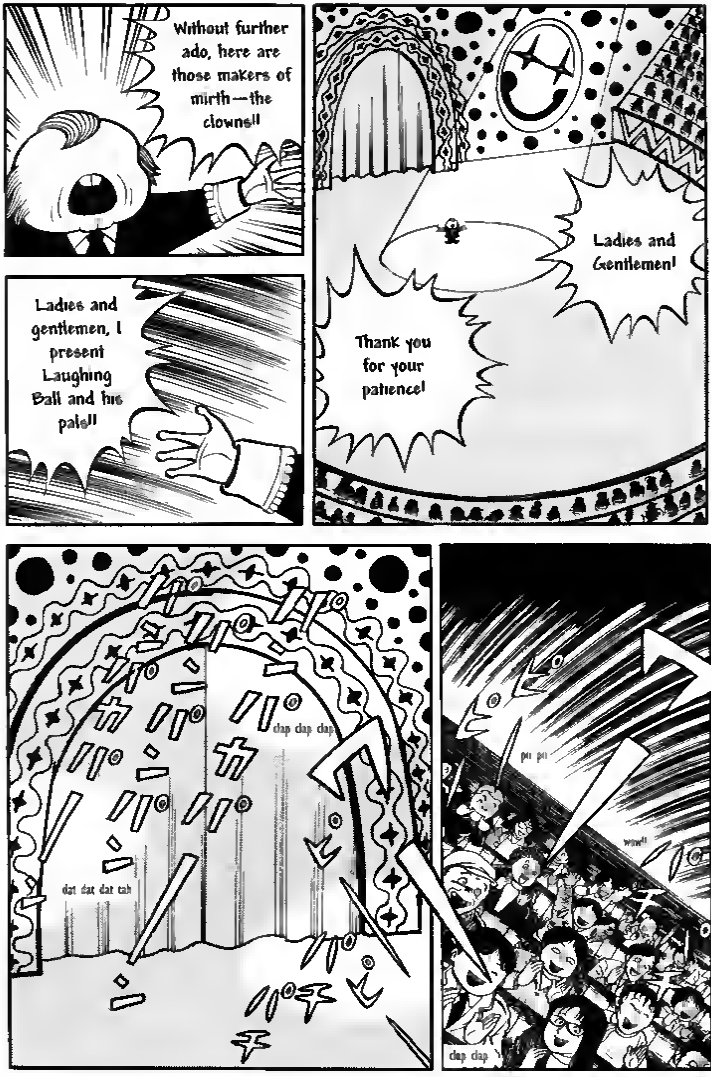

クモ女
SPIDER WOMAN
火男
FIRE-EATER
You too
Hey, you did great job!
クモ男
GIANT FROGMAN
蛇女
SNAKE WOMAN
But we don't hold anyone to blame. We believe this is our destiny


王
For us just as for everything in the universe—

王
Everything in the universe is constantly drifting. Ahh ! Five thousand years have passed since our heyday!

all we can do is drift, that's all.....


I am the eldest member of the tribe of the world of spirits
I'm the Wizard of the Spirit World


Without further ado, here are those makers of mirth—the clowns!!
Ladies and gentlemen, I present Laughing Ball and his pals!!
Ladies and Gentlemen!
Thank you for your patience!
dap dap dap
dat dat dat tah
pu pu
wow!!
dap dap

TEHEHEHEHE
HEHEHEHE
HEHEHE
TE
HEHE
HEHE
saah saah
clap clap
Yeah ... he doesn't just make the audience laugh.
Hey, Laughing Ball is popular as ever. He does have an enigmatic power, doesn't he ...
he's the only thing that saves us from a tragic fate.
When I think about it, it seems to me that
Whenever we see him, we can't stop laughing. He really makes us crack up
He makes us laugh too.

yay
dap dap dap
ha ha ha ha
pum

mumble mumble mumble
What's going on?
Oh my god!

黒魔団大サーカス

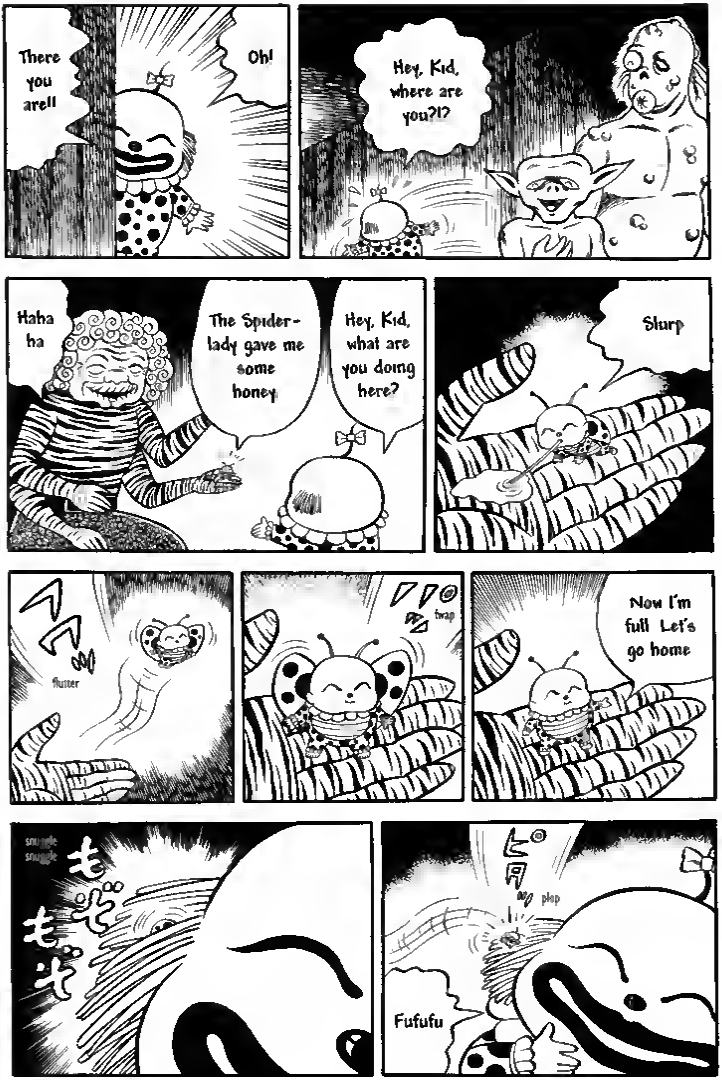
Don't do such a foolish thing! This is the only way we can survive!!
Get away from me! I'm not crazy! I can't take this fake circus life anymore!!
But, Wizard, we are the spirit world tribe. I don't want to do pitiful freak shows for human beings anymore!!
peep
hahaha haha hahahahaha
Laughing Ball!!
ga bonk ga bonk
peep
peep
peep

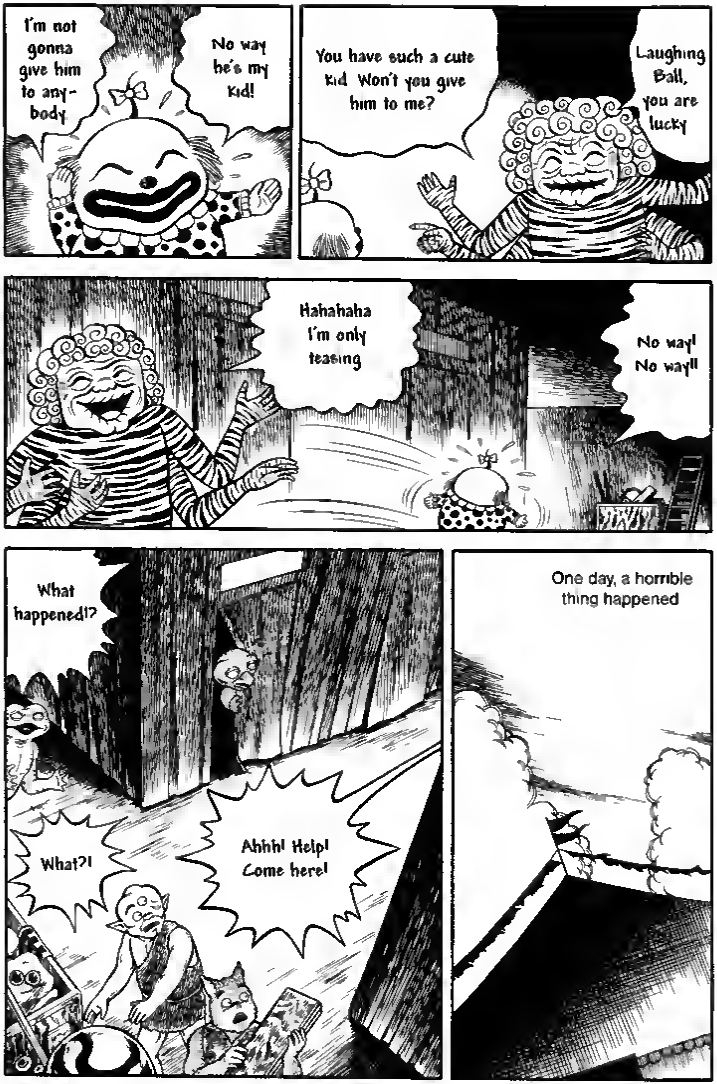
That was great!!
Laughing Ball!!
snnatch
Ah !
Always laugh.... hahaha hahaha haha
Just laugh....
What the hell are you up to, Laughing Ball!
poke
haha haha
Isn't it nice?
Everybody here is carrying a burden!
You're not the only one who suffers and has a hard time!
Yeah he's right ! agree with Laughing Ball!!
.....

peep
peep
peep
Your smile gives me the courage to go on
Ok
hahahaha hahaha haha hahahaha hahaha!!!
ga bonk ga bonk
Thanks, Laughing Ball
hahaha haha hihihihi hihi
Haha haha. He is a happy little guy
ha ha ha ha
ho ho ha ha
Oh, yes ... Laughing Ball is a born clown

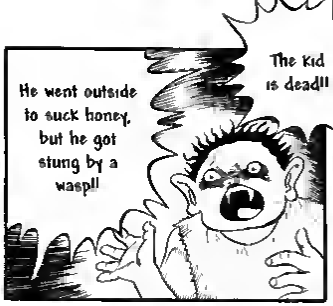
haaaaaa
haha
haha
haha
Bouncing all around in the black tent,
Living in the black tent, it's not hard to sink into despair over our harsh fate.
hahaha
haha
hahahaha
hahahaha
Laughing Ball makes everybody feel good— he is truly a treasure to us.
Hahahahaha, with him around we never get bored.
Bwuah hahaha haha!!
Hahaha, Laughing Ball is a real son of a gun...

Although Laughing Ball is so childlike, he has a cute little kid of his own.
wiggle
squirm
Laughing Ball is a childlike freak who can do nothing more than laugh innocently
Everyone calls him Kid
Hey, Kid...
Hmmm... No, I haven't seen him
Do you know where my kid is ?
Where are you?

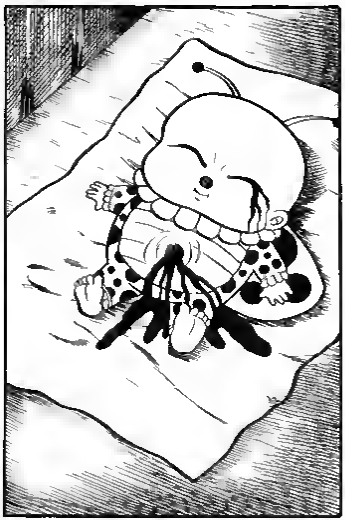

There you are!!
Oh!
Hey, Kid, where are you?!?
Haha ha
The Spider-lady gave me some honey
Hey, Kid, what are you doing here?
Slurp
flutter
twap
Now I'm full Let's go home
snuggle snuggle
もぞもぞ
plop
Fufufu


I'm not gonna give him to anybody
No way he's my kid!
You have such a cute kid. Won't you give him to me?
Laughing Ball, you are lucky
Hahahaha I'm only teasing
No way! No way!!
What happened!?
What?!
Ahhh! Help! Come here!
One day, a horrible thing happened

What are you saying!!
What!!


The kid is dead!!
He went outside to suck honey, but he got stung by a wasp!!

Kid ...



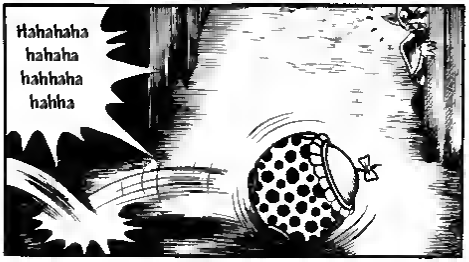
Wuuu uuuh!
Wuuuu uuh!!
Poor Kid!!
Oh wuh

Oh no ...

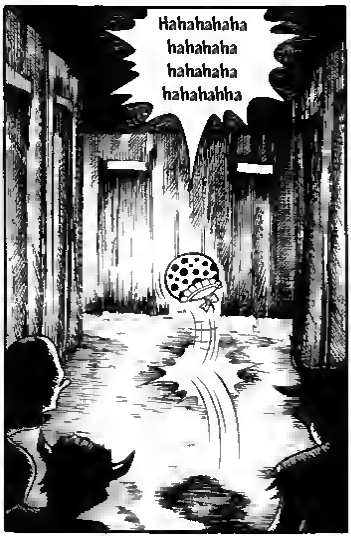
So don't cry, folks
Laugh Always laugh
Hahahahahahaha
!?
My kid's still smiling even though he's dead
zoop
Laugh ... always laugh ... Hahahahahaha hahaha
You could cry at least for today
You don't have to laugh
Laughing Ball, you ...
!?
!?
Hahahaha hahaha hahaha hahhhh
Hahahaha hahaha hahahaha hahhhh
Poor Laughing Ball ...

Hahahaha
ahahahaha
hahahaha
hahahahha

Even after such a tragedy, Laughing Bell could do nothing but laugh


Hahahaha
hahaha
hahhaha
hahha

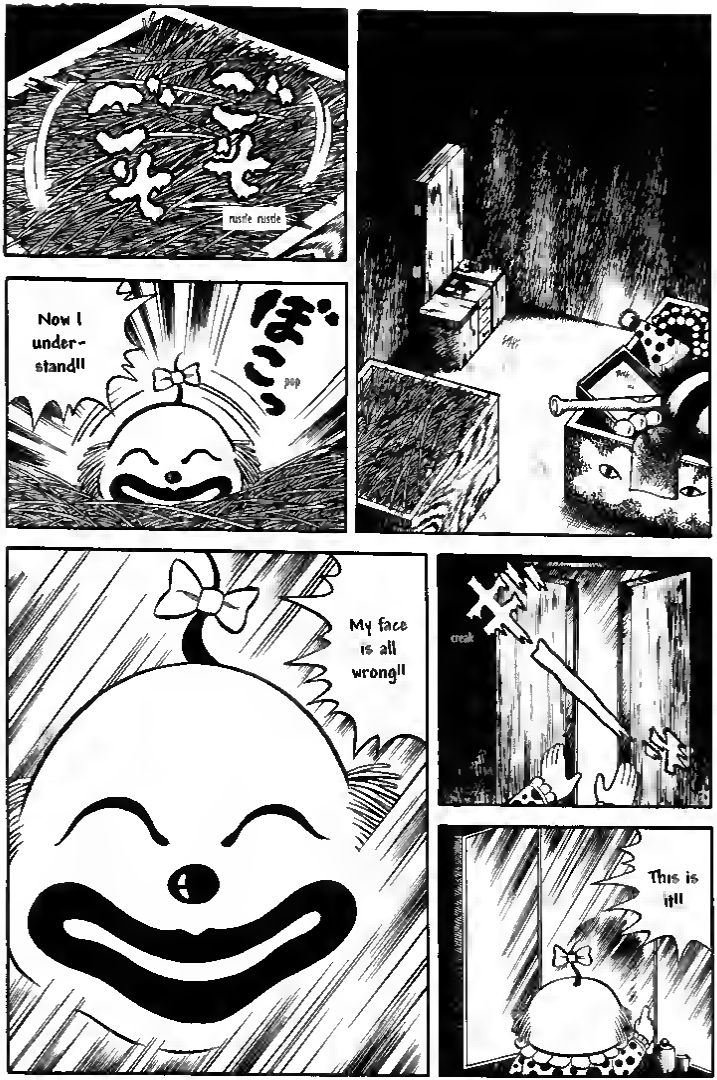
It's only been ten days and he's laughing like nothing happened!
Damn it! What's with him!?

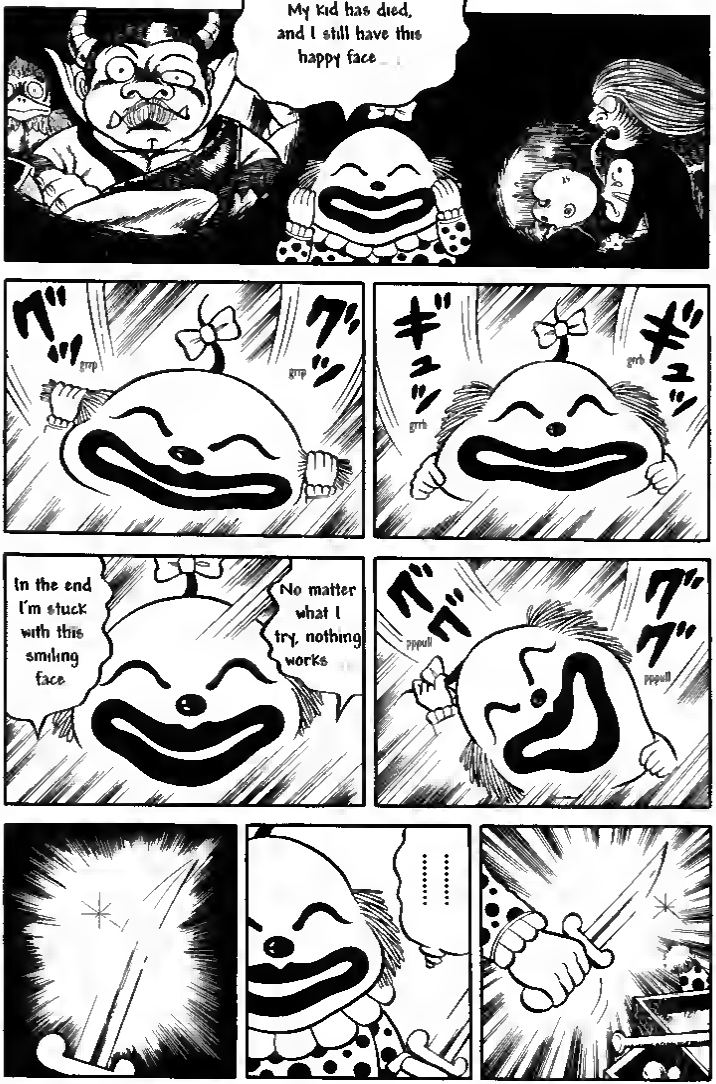

Hahahahaha
hahahaha
hahahaha
hahahahha

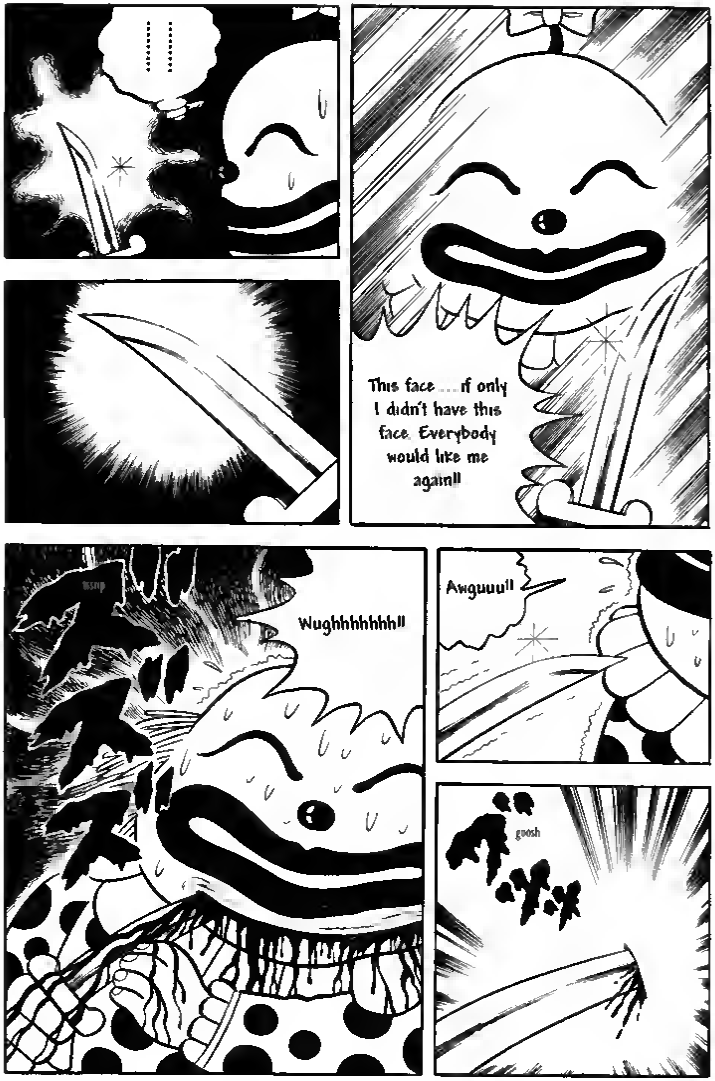
Doesn't he feel sad after losing his kid?

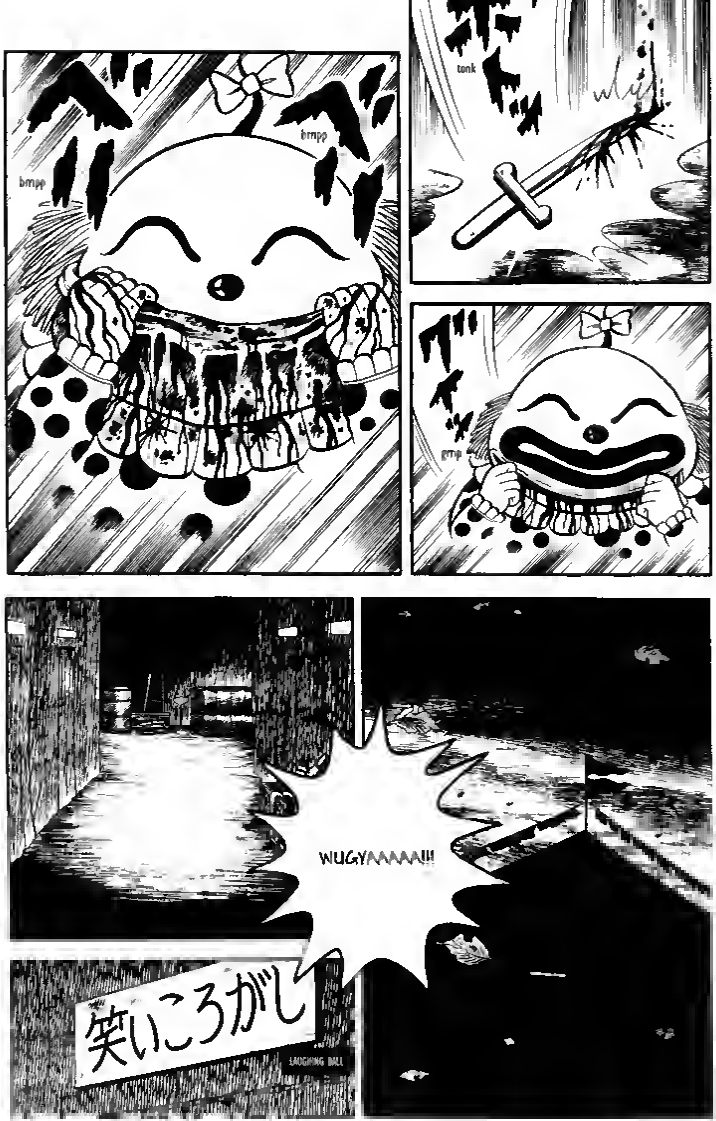
.....
Hey Laughing Ball!! There's something we've been wanting to ask you for some time—
Stop it!
Do you even have a heart!?
Don't you have any feelings as a parent?!
.....
Laughing Ball doesn't have feelings such as sadness, suffering, or agony to begin with. He can't do anything but laugh, can't you see?!
Don't bother trying to change. You're better off your way ..... that's just how it is.

Ah, it's you, Laughing Ball!
Good morning!!
Morn-ing
Tweet tweet
Damn it!!!
Let's get out of here!
You, you don't want to see your face!!
笑いころがし
笑し
ssshh
笑いころがし
LAUGHING BALL


rustle rustle
Now I understand!!
ぽこっ
pop
My face is all wrong!!
creak
This is it!!


My kid has died, and I still have this happy face...
grip
grip
grrh
grrh
In the end I'm stuck with this smiling face...
No matter what I try, nothing works...
pppuh
pppuh
.....

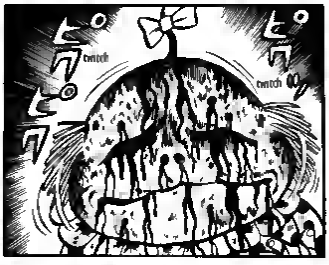

.....
This face.... if only I didn't have this face. Everybody would like me again!!
Wughhhhhhhh!!
Awguuu!!
gush


brnpp
brnpp
tonk
WUGYAAAAA!!!
笑いころがし
LAUGHING BALL

What's happening!?
What's going on!?
HYIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!!!!!
mumble mumble mumble
ガヤガヤ
It's Laughing Ball!!!!
Who's crying like that!?
What??
Oh, Wizard!!!
La... Laughing Ball!!!
Well, it can't get any worse than this

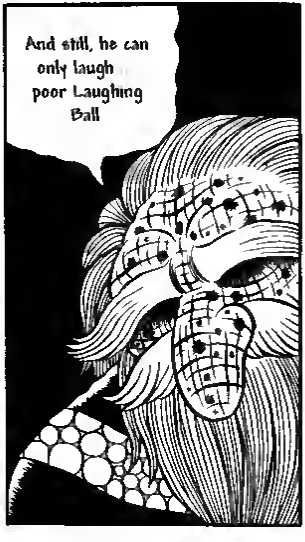
Hey, hey look at me! Don't you see my face is crying?!
His innocence and everyone's cruelty has driven him to this extreme
Oh no!!!
.....
.....
.....

Hahahaha
haha
hahahahah


twitch
twitch

Hahaha
hahaha
hahaha
hahaha

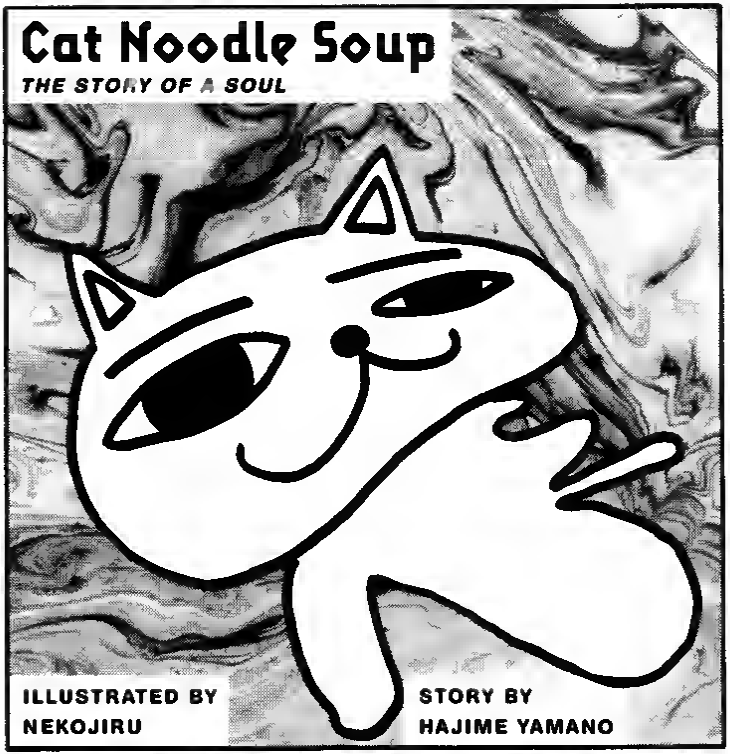
Laughing Ball,
forgive us!!
Laughing
Ball!!

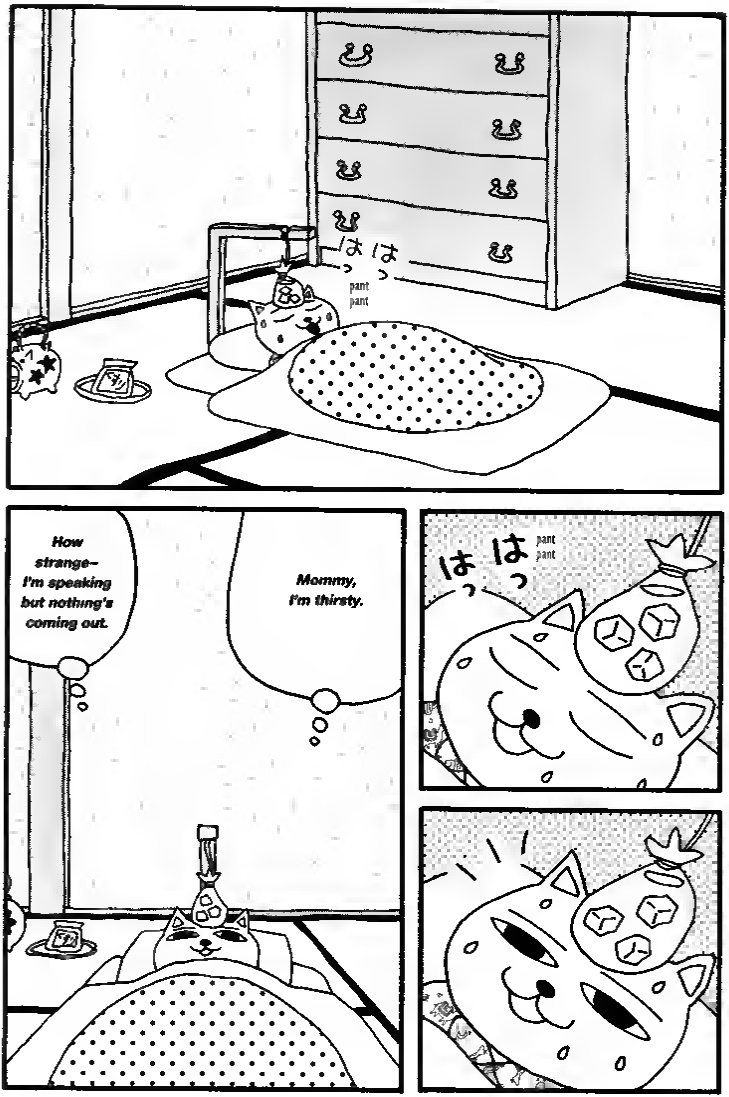

And still, he can
only laugh
poor Laughing
Ball

WUGHHHH!
WUUUUU
wash

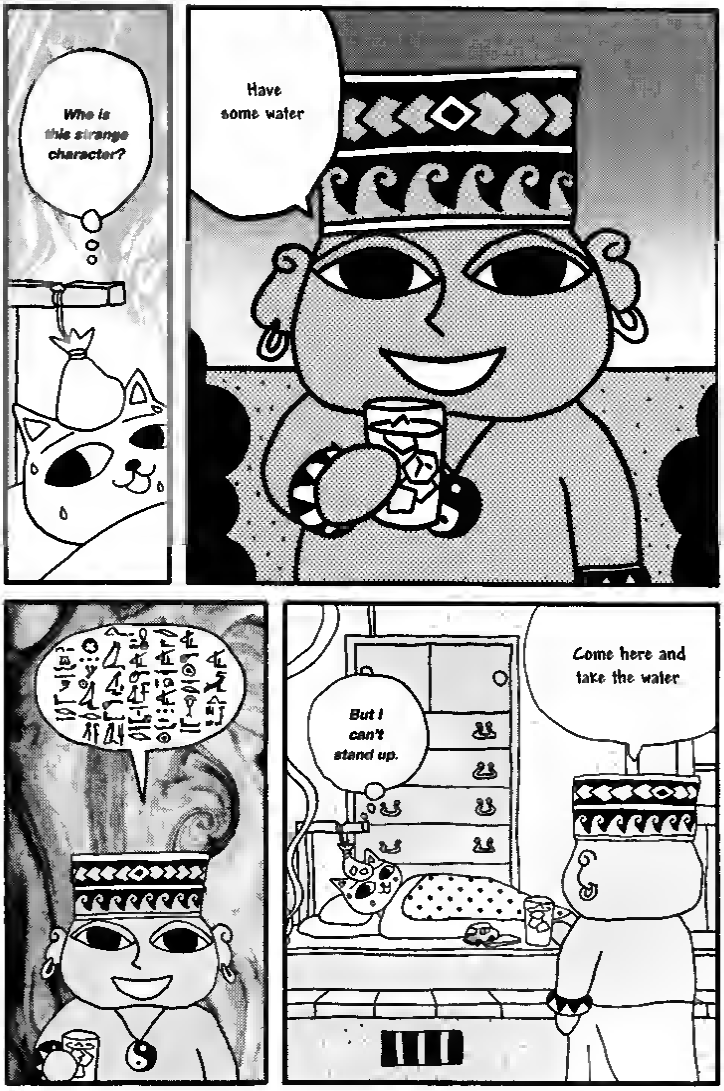
because no one would laugh looking at his face
After this incident, Laughing Ball never again appeared on stage
Hahaha hahaha
But he goes on laughing and bouncing around inside their tent as usual
ゴロン ga bonk
ゴロン ga bonk
"Laughing Ball"
And that's why he's still called
ゴロン ga bonk
ゴロン ga bonk

END

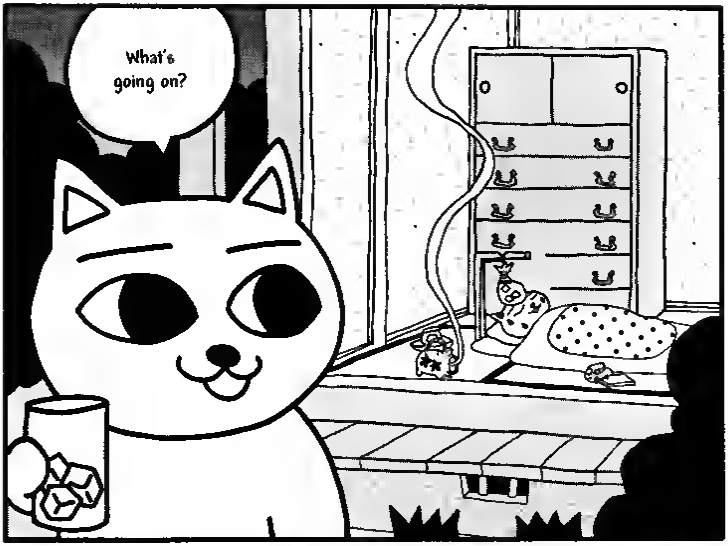

Cat Noodle Soup
THE STORY OF A SOUL
ILLUSTRATED BY
NEKOJIRU
STORY BY
HAJIME YAMANO


はっ
pant
pant
How strange– I'm speaking but nothing's coming out.
Mommy, I'm thirsty.
はっ
pant
pant

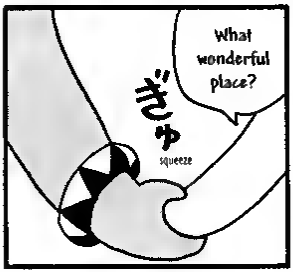
Uhhh, the room is spinning.
I feel sick.
Kitty-cat . . .
ちりーん
ding


Who is this strange character?
Have some water
Come here and take the water
But I can't stand up.

I cast a spell, so it's ok now
?
Thanks.
Here, it's nice and cool.
Wow, you're right!
zap
すう
Umm, that's good!
ゴックン
gulp gulp
ちいさく
dirg

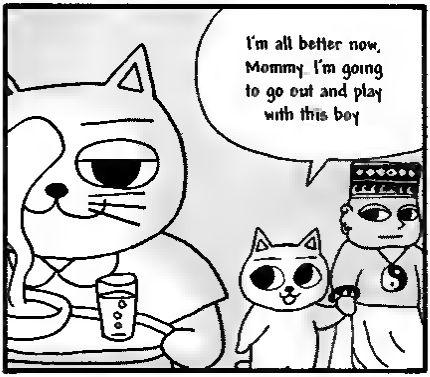

What's going on?

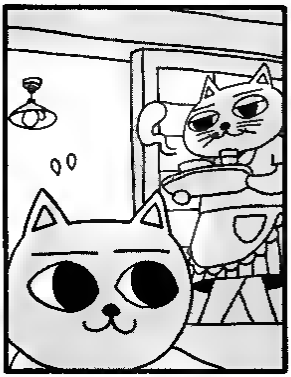
How can I be over here drinking water when I'm over there sleeping?


What wonderful place?
ぎゅっ
squeeze

Come with me now to a wonderful place
It's nothing to worry about.

Hmmm, well, ok
A place where kitty-cat has never been


I'm all better now, Mommy. I'm going to go out and play with this boy



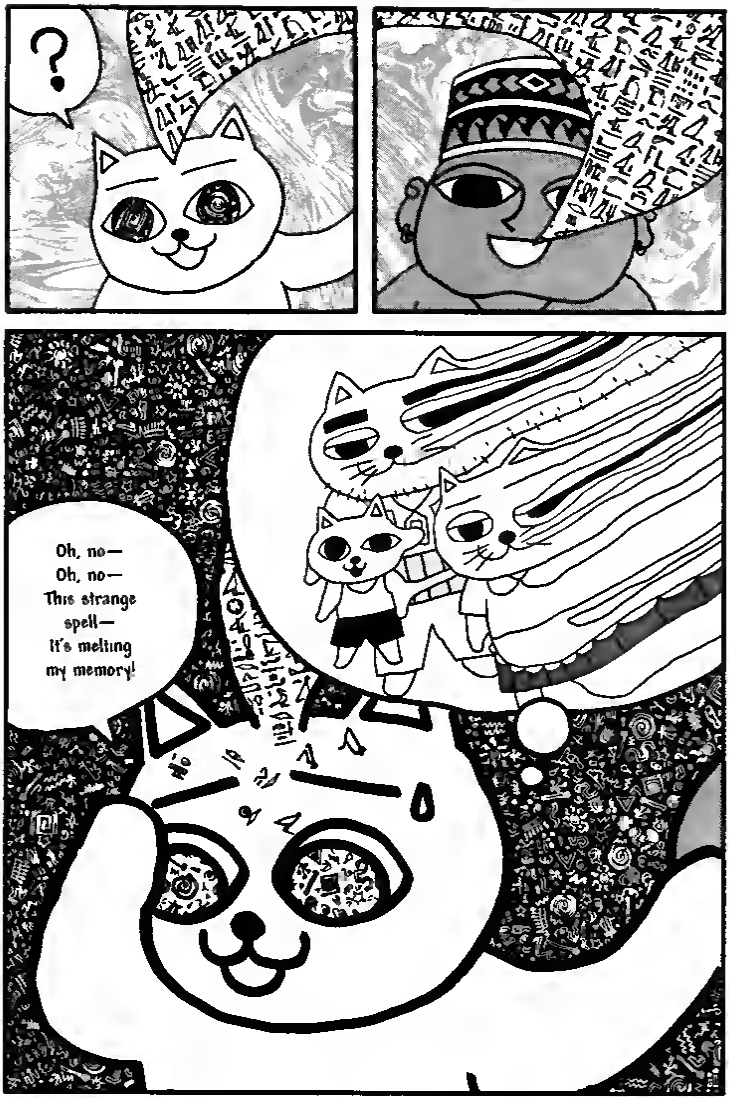
Yes indeed
Are there lots of good things in the wonderful place?

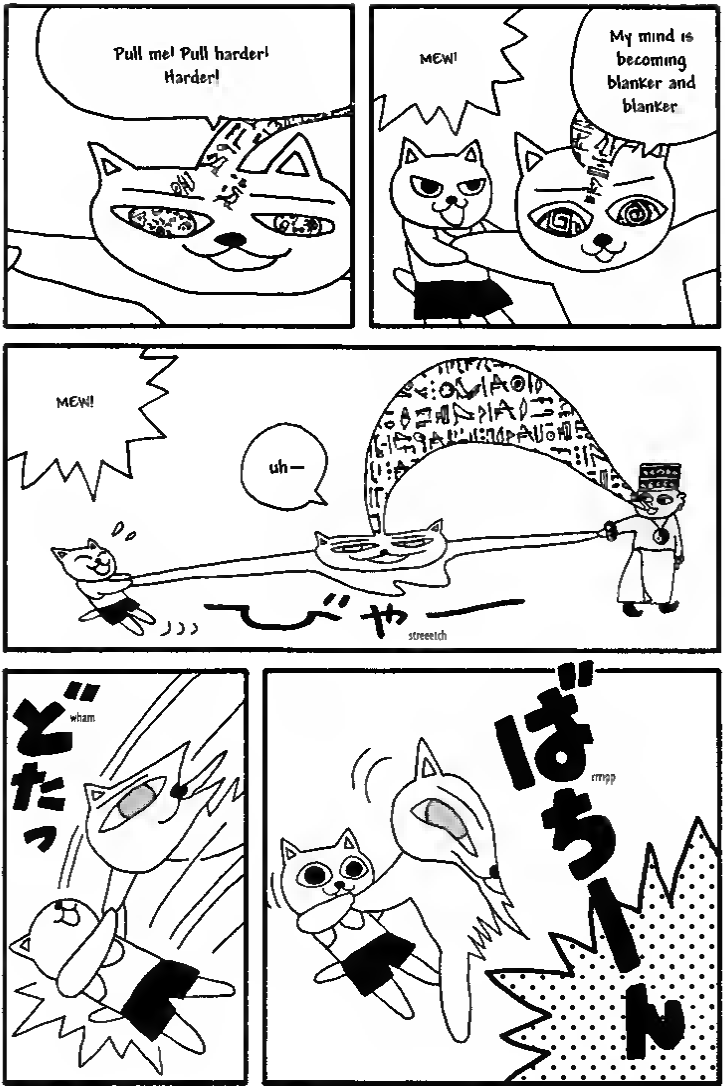
Huh? It seems like she can't hear me

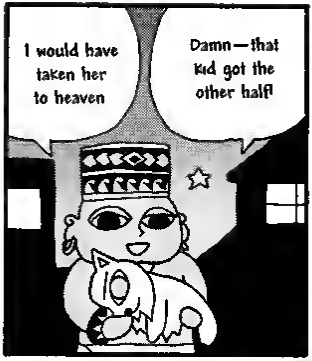
ぶつだんぶつぐ
RELIGIOUS SUPPLIES
やおや
VEGETABLE MARKET
BARBER
うどん
RAMEN
Whatever your heart desires, you need only imagine it, and it will appear before your very eyes
But soon I think you won't want anything at all.
Now, that's strange.
PANCAKES
もんじゃ
まほうや
MAGIC SHOP
とうふ
TOFU
SEWING MACHINES
You needn't worry about any such thing
No one will scold you.
I'll get scolded.
I don't wanna go anymore It's supper time
Daddy, give me a ride
ぎーこん
whoosh whoosh
It's Daddy!
BIKE SHOP
自転車

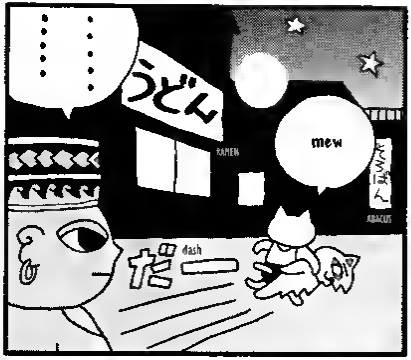
ぎーこん
whoosh whoosh
ぎーこん
whoosh whoosh
Daddy! Daddy!
ぎーこん
ぎーこん
whoosh whoosh
I'm invisible to Daddy!
He didn't see me
I don't know what to do
Something weird is going on

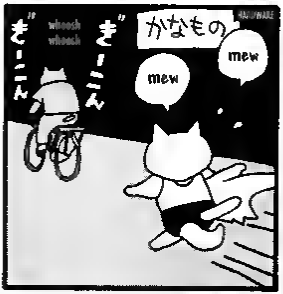
ぴょこ
bonk
どん どん
thunk thunk
mew mew
DRIED SARDINES
He can see me!
mew
It's my brother!
にゃー
mew
Come, kitty-cat, it's time to go.
NO!
HSSSSSS!!


?
Oh, no—
Oh, no—
This strange
spell—
It's melting
my memory!

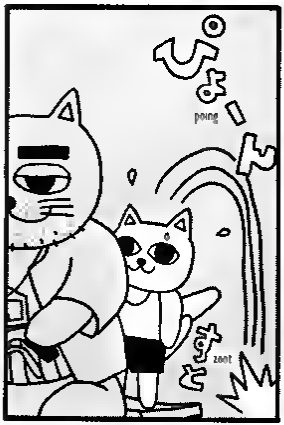

Pull me! Pull harder! Harder!
MEW!
My mind is becoming blanker and blanker
MEW!
uh—
streeetch
wham
どたっ
crrpp
ばちーん


I would have taken her to heaven
Damn—that kid got the other half!

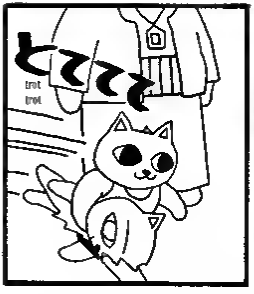

うどん
RAMEN
mew
ソロバン
ABACUS
だーっ
dash


きーこん
whoosh whoosh
きーこん
かなもの
mew
mew
KAKUMEI

Now I have no choice but to see she is reincarnated as a plant.
くすり
DRUG STORE
パイプオルガン教室
PIPE ORGAN LESSONS


ぴゅ
pong
ぷぅ
zoot

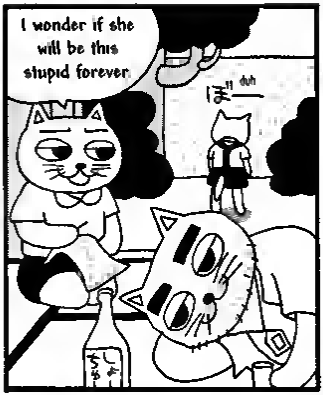
Daddy!
hurry, hurry!
It's kitty-cat!
Kitty-cat is—
きーこん
きーこん
whoosh
whoosh

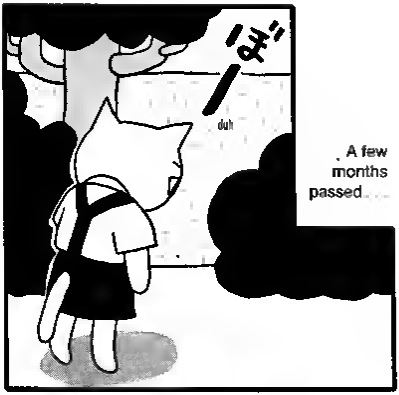

とてて
trot
trot

ひゅろん
zzzoop

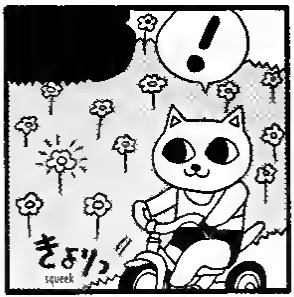
It's too late
She's gone
I'm very sorry

Why, she ...
She's back!
Wha—???
blink
duh
My beautiful girl—
You're alive!
duh

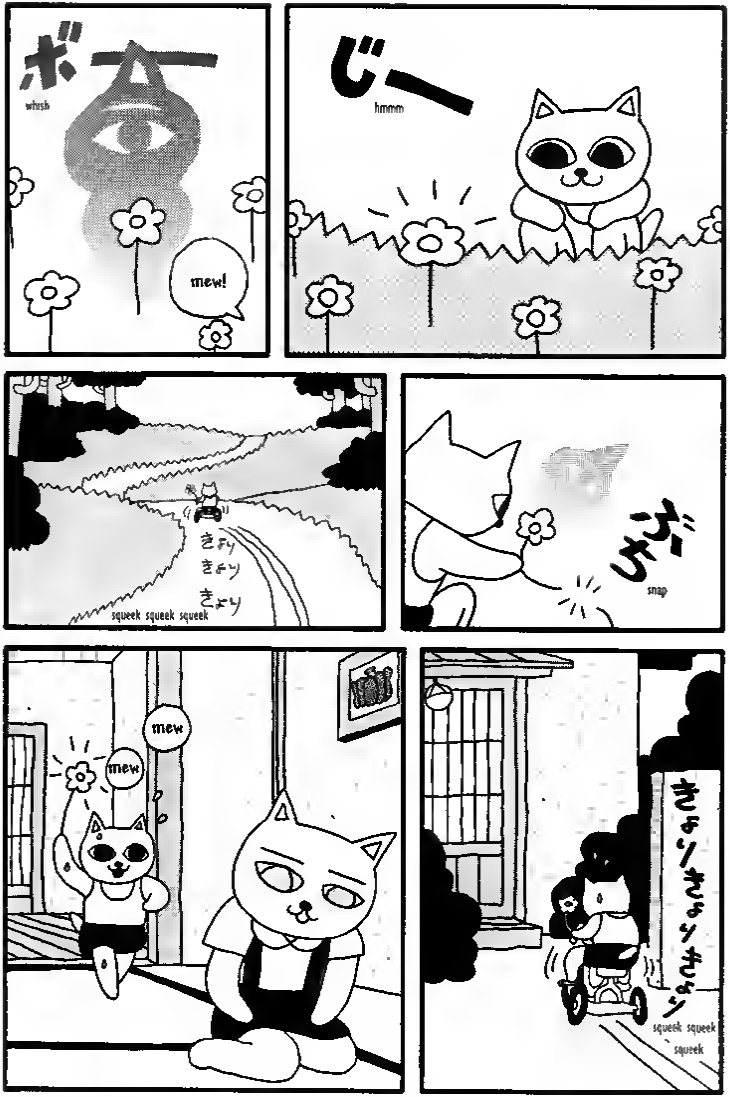

I wonder if she will be this stupid forever.
duh
ぼ!
しょぼ


duh
. A few months passed. . .

and then one day—
きょりきょりきょり
squeek squeek squeek


!
きょり
squeek

Good lord! She's peeing!
pssss


ボー
whish
mew!
じー
hmmm
きょり
きょり
きょり
squeek squeek squeek
ぐー
snap
mew
mew
きょりきょりきょり
squeek squeek squeek

ぴゅっ
pyuzz
しゅるん
swip
ひょん
shtonk
Hello, little brother!
mew
You found my other half!
おしまい
END

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

YOSHIKAZU EBISU Born in Nagasaki in 1947, as a child, Ebisu drew manga under the influence of Osamu Tezuka, and Mitsuteru Yokoyama's *Tetsujin 28 Go* (known, in its animated form, to American boys and girls of the 1960s as *Gigantor*) In the late fifties Ebisu discovered the newly emerging gekiga and was immediately smitten "My preference changed," he remembers, "from gigantic robots to realistic stories about people" And yet he credits American action movies, especially John Wayne's *The Alamo* with giving him a taste for inventing ever more unique and grizzly methods for killing people Ebisu's work first appeared in *Garo* in 1973, at the tail end of underground manga's first golden age, and his darkly menacing, surreal comedies have been a mainstay ever since Though revered by younger artists and manga fans alike, in the past seven years Ebisu has become more widely known as a television star Though his ingratiatingly comic character is instantly recognizable on the streets of Japan (he is affectionately known as "Warau Akume" ["The Laughing Devil"]), ironically the fans of his TV personality are largely unaware of his celebrated contributions to the art of manga.

MASAKAZU TOMA remembers seeing his first issue of *Garo* in the seventh grade It was a special edition devoted to legendary master of the grotesque, Shigeru Mizuki Toma's encounters with *Garo* following that experience were rare and unexpected, but Mizuki's unique flavor stayed with him. The influence is clearly evident in Toma's own eerily atmospheric work. Toma debuted in *Garo*'s October 1982 issue with a story called "Gu no Kocchо" ("The Height of Stupidity") He went on to publish eleven manga stories in *Garo* during the 1980s In 1987 Toma abandoned comics to, as he put it "retire to the home of my soul" He returned in 1991 to publish four more pieces (one of which is this present volume's 'Steel Pipe Melancholie"), and then once again dropped out of sight. He has not been heard from since As of 1993, he was reported to be living somewhere in Osaka, but efforts to contact him have so far been unsuccessful

TAKASHI NEMOTO was born in a Tokyo suburb in 1958 and has been drawing since childhood. His themes and obsessions seem to have remained remarkably consistent: one of his first manga stories from about the third grade showed Emperor Hirohito getting beaten up at the public baths and in the end being forced to shit in his pants. Bored and uninspired by the current popular manga that was all around him--and unaware of the innovations taking place in the underground--Nemoto quit drawing at age thirteen. It took the chance discovery of Terry Johnson's "Jonetsu no Penguin Gohan" in the late seventies to rekindle his enthusiasm for manga. He has since taken to the medium with a vengeance. Since his first published piece in 1980, Nemoto has become one of the underground art world's most prolific stars, producing a small library of novel-sized compilations of his work for *Garo* as well as designing CD jackets and regularly contributing drawings and single-page strips to some of Japan's slicker music and pop-culture magazines. Nemoto has also brought his outsider's vision to the exploration of other art forms: he has published a collection of his collage work, plays in a Tokyo "noise" band, and hosts his own cable-access TV show, "Funky Tomatoes." And, along with cultural critic Manabu Yuasa, he has coauthored two volumes of *Deep Korea*, a landmark study of South Korean street culture.

EMIKO (CAROL) SHIMODA For most of the 1980s Emiko Shimoda was one of Japan's most popular and successful illustrators. Her portraits of both famous and obscure Japanese (Shimoda's people are always smiling) were regularly featured in magazines and advertising. Her work crosses all boundaries, achieving a style that is both ironic and celebratory, pleasant yet formally thrilling. For her comics work, Shimoda adopted a style parodying girls' romance manga of the 1960s. On the surface as charming as her portraits, Shimoda's manga is, however, even more double-edged. She delights in dropping shocking and incongruous elements into the confines of the popular romance aesthetic. In 1985, at the height of her fame, Shimoda picked up and moved to the United States, where she got married and settled in Queens. She voluntarily abandoned art for a number of years and, along with her husband (himself a Burmese immigrant), ran a laundry in her Corona neighborhood, and then a Karaoke bar on Manhattan's Upper West Side. In 1994 she returned to drawing and painting, prolifically completing over two hundred portraits within the summer, this time of American subjects from all walks of life (still

smiling). She hopes to have a New York gallery exhibition of this recent work and envisions inviting all of her portrait subjects to the opening.

KAZUICHI HANAWA is one of Japan's most revered and imitated mangaka. His macabre, erotic tales of medieval aristocracy are, in their cruelly humorous depictions of late Heian-period decadence, reminiscent of the early fiction of Jun'ichiro Tanizaki. Hanawa was born April 17, 1947. He debuted as a mangaka in *Garo*'s July 1971 issue, and his work was an instant sensation. After the death of his mother in the early eighties, Hanawa quit drawing manga and retired to his hometown in rural Saitama. There he lived the life of a farmer while reading works on Buddhism, yoga, and psychology. He was lured back to manga in 1984 by the legendary editor Hiroshi Yaku to contribute a thirty-four page story for the debut issue of *Comic Baku*. Yaku remembers Hanawa at that time as a nervous man, whose morbid fear of meeting people bordered on paranoia. "If people around here knew I was a mangaka," he told Yaku, "they'd come and throw stones at me." Hanawa begins a manga without any preconceived plan as to the direction his story will take. He draws image upon image, holding the theme and plot together with only his enormous powers of concentration. He has published many collections of his work and has collaborated with Suehiro Maruo on a book of illustrations titled *Muzane* (*Cruel Pictures*). Hanawa, now living in Sapporo in Northern Japan, has lately found himself in serious legal trouble. The police recently raided his home, confiscating his collection of antique weaponry. Because of Japan's very strict gun laws, there is a strong possibility that Hanawa will have to serve time. In light of this, *Garo* has initiated a national letter-writing campaign to try to keep this essential artist from going to jail.

YASUJI TANIOKA is one of the most popular mangaka in Japan. His outrageous and crude "gag" manga appeals to people from all walks of life, and unlike most of his contemporaries, Tanioka fits comfortably in both the underground and mainstream worlds. At the height of his fame in the early seventies, Tanioka was drawing more than two hundred manga pages for forty different magazines every month. At that time, he not only recorded a 45-rpm record, "Yasuji no Ora-Ora Bushi" ("Yasuji's Ora Ora Song"), but was the star and subject of two films—a live-action movie and an animated cartoon, both entitled "Tanioka Yasuji no Mettemetta Gaki-dou Koza" ("Yasuji Tanioka Lectures on the Rascal's Messy-Mess Road"). The

cartoon was distributed in the United States and actually did quite well. Tanioka was born August 29, 1943, in Ehime Prefecture. While he was still a child, his father, a thrift-shop owner and local politician, went bankrupt, and the family was forced to move to Tokyo. Unlike many of the artists featured in *Comics Underground Japan*, Tanioka was actively encouraged by his parents to pursue a career in manga. At age sixteen he debuted in a magazine targeted at elementary school students, where his comics were a regular feature for two years. He soon moved to the adult market and started publishing in major magazines in 1966. Reminiscent of the American cartoonist Bill Holman (of Smokey Stover fame), Tanioka has always employed a number of nonsensical catch-phrases in his manga, which have gone on to become vital parts of Japanese slang. The best known of these is "hana-ji bu." *Hana-ji* (literally "nose blood") is a visual device indicating sexual excitement, and *bu* is the sound of the spurting blood. There have been over sixty published volumes of Tanioka's collected manga, yet most of his work these days is in advertising.

SUEHIRO MARUO was born into a poor family on January 28, 1956, the youngest of seven brothers and sisters. An intensely private child, he claims not to have spoken more than a few words to his parents during his entire youth. He drew all the time as a boy and especially enjoyed tracing the popular action manga "Eightman." At age thirteen Maruo began regularly skipping school in order to catch the daily showing of the popular soap opera "Hyoten." He dropped out of school after junior high and was living on his own by the age of fifteen. His troubled ways proliferated, as he began shoplifting—at first art books and eventually almost anything. This behavior culminated in a two-week jail stay in the mid-seventies when he was caught stealing Pink Floyd and Santana albums from a local record shop. Maruo began drawing manga seriously at age nineteen. He brought his initial efforts to *Garo* but was perfunctorily rejected. At twenty-four he debuted as a mangaka in the pages of a porn magazine, the title of which he has since forgotten. Maruo describes his mature manga as a "collection of thefts" (Kazuichi Hanawa was a major influence), and he admits to lifting the idea for "Planet of the Jap" from Philip K. Dick's sci-fi classic *The Man in the High Castle*. Unlike many of the underground mangaka, Maruo is a supremely accomplished draftsman in the traditional mold, and he has gone out of his way to disassociate himself from the more self-consciously idiosyncratic aspects of *Garo*. He says that publishers think his work attracts the same audience as that of underground great Yoshiharu Tsuge, but that in reality his biggest fans are high-school

girls. He even professes a deep hatred for all modern art. But, then, what could be more modern than that? Maruo's *Mr. Arashi's Amazing Freak Show* is available in English translation from Blast Books.

HANAKO YAMADA was the pen name of Yumi Takaichi, born June 10, 1967. Her parents were fervent communists, and unlike most Japanese children, Takaichi was brought up without immersion in the Buddhist or Shinto religions. After she graduated from the Japan Design School, her work began appearing in a number of commercial magazines. In 1987 at the age of twenty, she was given the prestigious Young Magazine Tetsuya Chiba Award and was well on her way to a successful commercial career. After a tumultuous correspondence with Takashi Nemoto, she began, at his urging, to publish in *Garo*, while continuing her work in the commercial field. Her underground manga invariably deals with a young person unable to fit in. It is therefore telling that what attracted Takaichi to the name Hanako Yamada was its very commonness (the equivalent of "Mary Smith" in America). From the outset, her manga was marked by a desperate, misanthropic nihilism, filled with hallucination and fear. The frankly confessional nature of her work became sadly apparent when in 1993, after a brief stay in a mental institution, Hanako Yamada committed suicide.

PAN MIGIWA was born in 1964, "the same year," she says, "as *Garo*." Following high school, she began drawing manga out of a sense of frustration, and as "a strange act of self-assertion." In 1985, while supporting herself as an artist's model, she won the *Garo* award for best newcomer. Since then, her subtle explorations into the human soul ("There is a lot of humor in the soul," she says. "God loves a joke.") featuring the little girl named Panko, have been one of the magazine's most popular features. Panko's adventures have so far been collected into two volumes. Concerning her own work, Migiwa writes, "Standing in front of me is a mountain of things—like homework—that I should have conquered when I was little. Since I felt that this homework wouldn't be so difficult if I took it one step at a time, I decided to start from the beginning and go back to childhood. And when I began to draw these things, a kid named Panko emerged. *Garo* is the only magazine that allows me to draw this kid. So, naturally for me, *Garo* is my gateway to conquering the mountain" (from *Garo Mandala*).

MUDDY WEHARA's introduction to comics was a hardbound collection of Popeye strips given to him by his grandfather. He has always been attracted to work outside of the mainstream and remembers being an enthusiastic follower of *Garo* and *Com* as far back as elementary school. In 1977 Muddy dropped out of college where he had majored in French literature, and began to devote himself to manga. Forced at first to work a number of menial jobs to support himself—including newspaper delivery boy, waiter, and Coca Cola distributor—in 1981 Muddy became assistant to the popular mangaka Yasuji Tanioka. His break came a year later when he debuted in the adult weekly *Manga Sunday*. His early work, heavily influenced by the Punk aesthetic, was published in France and also appeared in American critic Greil Marcus's *Lipstick Traces*. With *Garo*'s serialization of Denno Saibane Kiddo—an outlandish mélange of weird biology and esoteric philosophy—in the early nineties Muddy sought to fulfill his ambition to create epic manga "on a magnificent scale." The series, however, proved too uncompromising even for *Garo*'s normally adventurous readers, and it was dropped before completion. Wahara has since collaborated with Takashi Nemoto on the exuberantly messy, full-color manga "Oiwa," which was serialized in the Japanese porn magazine *Junjo Angel*.

HIDESHI HINO entered the world on April, 19, 1946, less than a year after the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The fact of the bomb lingers over his entire manga output. Following high school, Hino wandered from job to job, working at one time or another at a tropical fish store, a printing company, as a janitor, etc. Influenced by manga's two great visionary artists, Shigeru Sugiura and Yoshiharu Tsuge, Hino decided that this popular form would be the best way for him, too, to express himself. A story entitled "Cold Sweat" was his first published work, appearing in the October 1967 issue of Com. Hino's expressionistic, postnuclear tragedies are both brutal and deeply moving. The ongoing theme, in his words, is "the darkness of people's minds, which to me is a horror." His tales have been collected into a number of volumes, including *Zoruku's Strange Disease*, *Red Sneke*, *Paneroma of Hell*, and *Hell Baby*. English translations of the latter two have been published in America by Blast Books. Hino is currently pursuing a study of the traditional Japanese martial arts, Budoh and Bushido (the code of the Samurai).

NEKOJIRU A Pynchonesque figure in the world of manga, Nekojiru prefers to keep her true identity a mystery There are no known photos and no keys to her past history Though it is known that Nekojiru is a woman believed to be in her late twenties the maturity of the artist's craft would suggest a much older person What is certain is that this mangaka, whose collaborative work with her husband, Hajime Yamano, first surfaced in *Garo* in 1990, has created a splendidly realized world of the imagination, filled with the feverish visions of childhood and the inevitability of myth Her constant protagonists—two cats, brother and sister—are rendered with a disarming innocence, luring the unsuspecting reader into the web of her thrilling supernatural tales

SUZY AMAKANE Born March 20, 1956, in Tokyo, Suzy Amakane enjoyed manga as a child, especially "Tetsuwan Atom" (Astro Boy) and the wacky "gag" strips of Fujio Akatsuka But it was seeing a David Hockney exhibition when Amakane was twenty that set him on the road to a life in painting From 1978 to 1982 he attended the Tama Art University, one of Japan's most prestigious fine-arts schools Though admittedly a poor student, Suzy has since gone on to a remarkably successful career in both the fine and commercial arts. His early paintings parodied, with impressive skill, the styles and themes of his beloved masters, Hockney, Johns, Lichtenstein, and Magritte, and yet they remained uniquely indebted to the ebullient manga he read as a child Suzy has since developed a sensuous and playful style all his own His pictures—many of them featuring the wide-eyed scamp shown squatting on the front cover of *Comics Underground Japan*—teem with visual puns and pop-culture allusions As well as having his work shown in magazines, on TV, and on CD jackets and labels, Suzy Amakane has been in many solo and group exhibitions in both Japan and Australia

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